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The Week

A WEEK crowded with important international events was that which ended on December 15. Outstanding, at least in popular attention, was of course the abdication of King Edward VIII and the succession of his brother, the Duke of York, as George VI. . . . In the Spanish war, the military strength of the rebels seemed to be waning. Great Britain and France put forth a project for a truce to be followed by a plebiscite, a plan so far from any possibility of success that it was interpreted as a device only to postpone a little longer the danger of a general war. The League once again revealed its impotence by hastily and abjectly referring the Spanish question to the Committee on Neutrality. . . . From China came reports of the kidnaping of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek by one of his own generals, who demanded, so it was said, war against Japan. Chiang was later reported to have been assassinated. . . . The worldwide repercussions of the German-Japanese "anti-communist" alliance have been so serious that the fall of the Japanese Cabinet seemed not unlikely. . . . Sharp opposition by Latin American countries, headed by Argentina, to the Roosevelt doctrine of aloofness from Europe resulted in whittling down the United States neutrality program to little more than a pious aspiration like the Kellogg Pact. . . . Trouble over border incidents flared up between Turkey and French-controlled Syria. . . . Dr. Schacht added to the international uneasiness by repeating the standard speech, popular in fascist countries, demanding colonies for the relief of overpopulation. Germany's serious economic plight was again recorded with news that she has a deficit of 2,000,000 tons of grain.

THE chief development in the United States during the same period of time was the meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers, which was amazingly and violently pro-Roosevelt in all its general declarations, but Tory in nearly all its detailed recommendations. . . . The reëmployment conference in Washington under the chairmanship of George L. Berry recommended what would in effect amount to revival of the NRA, demanding also amendment of the anti-trust laws, loans to small businesses under federal guarantee and a census of the unemployed. . . . Faced with nationwide uproar over the cuts in the WPA, President Roosevelt, through Harry Hopkins, gave assurance that all in genuine need would be retained or reëmployed, although it still seemed likely that some of the most valuable white-collar projects would be suspended. . . . The seamen's strike continued, with renewed assurance from government spokesmen that it was about to end. . . . Another struggle that continued last week was that over the speakership of the House between Representative Rayburn of Texas and Representative O'Connor of New York, Tammanyite and good friend of the power interests. . . . The long continued feud between President Glenn Frank of the University of Wisconsin and the La Follette forces in that state seemed about to come to a head with the enforced resignation of President Frank. . . . Robert Fechner, director of the CCC, urged that it should be made a permanent organization, with its directing personnel under the classified civil service.

SINCE the abdication of Edward VIII, rumors concerning what lay behind it have been flying thick and fast. As The New Republic intimated last week, many believe that Edward is pro-German and even

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pro-Nazi. Sensational details have been added to this speculation—such as that he opposed the new understanding with France and tried to force the Cabinet toward a German orientation, as did his grandfather Edward VII, and that Mrs. Simpson has Nazi friends and might even be suspected of disclosing military and naval secrets. If all this is true, it is a pity, we repeat, that the differences between King and Cabinet were not handled in such a way as to bring the real issues to the fore, rather than the question of his marriage to someone of whom conventional moralists disapproved. As it stands, opinion is sharply divided between those who were deeply moved by the King's eloquent farewell speech and sympathize with him as a man, and those who accept the view of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop Manning that anything is preferable to divorce, and that even a popular King must be denounced if he has anything to do with it. The King is the British father-symbol, and his moral views are of great consequence to the millions who imaginatively identify themselves with him. In view of these considerations, we cannot believe that the Established Church did not play a leading part in the affair.

THE United States government has received one serious defeat after another in the Pan American Conference at Buenos Aires, and all the discreet language of diplomacy has failed to conceal that fact. Even before the conference opened, President Roosevelt apparently cut down his program; and of the modified version, little now remains. The sixteen Latin American countries that are members of the League of Nations have united, under the leadership of Argentina, to resist vigorously any action that would conflict with their obligations under the Covenant, evidently believing that the United States' carefully drawn "escape clause" was not enough. Our proposal of a permanent consultative committee of the foreign ministers of the twenty-one American republics has been scrapped. So has the plan for an international neutrality scheme forbidding loans or the export of arms and ammunition in the case of a war in this hemisphere. All that is left is the vague promise that the American republics will try to settle their quarrels amicably, and will consult one another in the case of war, not only in this hemisphere but anywhere in the world. No doubt it is true that Latin America welcomes the evidence that this country no longer believes in dollar diplomacy and is prepared to scrap the Monroe Doctrine as a unilateral policy; but neither of these developments comes as news at Buenos Aires. The half-fascist states below the equator do not share Mr. Roosevelt's alarm about a seizure of land in this hemisphere by Germany or Italy. Their gaze is still toward Europe and not toward the North. Mr. Roosevelt would be well advised to begin thinking about neutrality for the United States alone and not for the entire Western Hemisphere. Even the former is a big enough job for anybody.

DR. Hjalmar Schacht a few days ago reiterated Germany's demand for colonies on the old familiar ground that the country is overpopulated and needs room for expansion. We have heard this theory at least a hundred times, and it still seems to us to be complete nonsense. If the country is overpopulated, why does the government do everything it possibly can to increase the birth rate, including active opposition to the preaching and practice of birth control? Is Dr. Schacht not aware that there was no important emigration from Germany to her colonies in the days before the War and that most of them are almost uninhabitable for North Europeans? Does he not know that even those countries that have had a large emigration, like Italy, have found no relief to overpopulation through this fact? Italy, for example, exported something like a million persons a year for a generation, and counted more souls at home at the end of this period than the beginning. Certainly Dr. Schacht, one of the most intelligent men in Europe, knows these things. He makes a fool of himself in public in order not to seem dangerously out of line with the nonsensical policies advocated, partly from ignorance and partly for ulterior motives, by Hitler and his entourage.

IT HAS long been known that there was friction between Dr. Glenn Frank, president of the University of Wisconsin, popular lecturer and editorial writer, and the La Follette forces which control the state politically. Now this conflict is apparently coming to a head, with newspaper reports that the Board of Regents may have enforced Dr. Frank's resignation before this issue of The New Republic is in the hands of its readers. We earnestly hope that nothing will be done in this case so hastily or obscurely that it can be used in the future with effect against Governor La Follette and his group. The political differences between Governor and university president are well known; but such differences do not constitute any adequate ground for forcing out a man who on the whole has been ranked among the more liberal college executives. President Frank is entitled to his day in court; if he has not done his work well, the country has the right to know the exact list of particulars.

THE New Masses as a weekly is only three years old, but it was preceded by the monthly New Masses, which was preceded by The Liberator, which in turn was preceded by The Masses of 1911-17, making in all twenty-five years of generally distinguished American revolutionary journalism. To celebrate this anniversary, The New Masses last week held an old-home celebration, in the shape of a double-sized issue which welcomed back the former contributors—Edna Millay, Sherwood Anderson, Rex Stout, Maurice Becker, Boardman Robinson, Art Young and many others (including Upton Sinclair). It is a good issue and it will be surprising to many readers; last year one would not have found Sinclair and Earl Browder

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in the same magazine. Reading it we remembered the days when we bought the old Masses at hole-in-the-wall newsstands and carried it home guiltily and defiantly. Those were exciting days in American journalism. In a sadder era, The New Masses is trying with some success to recapture their feeling of intellectual stimulation.

IN CASE anyone has been in doubt about the sort of aid Mussolini has been giving General Franco, we have now an official Italian statement of the facts. Roma Fascista, the official organ of Fascist university students, stated December 4:

> It must be said once and for all that we are fighting materially and concretely in Spain. The comedy of non-intervention is ended. For us it never began. . . . We can and we are determined now to denounce it as a catastrophe.

Even here, however, the Fascists are not being logical: comedy is never catastrophe, or vice versa.

RECENT labor news: With the six-weeks-old maritime strike 100-percent effective on the West Coast and about 80-percent effective on the East Coast, according to his own estimate, Harry Bridges, president of the San Francisco division of the International Longshoremen's Association and outstanding maritime leader of the country, came east to speak at Boston, Philadelphia and New York, and to urge Joseph P. Ryan, national president of the ILA, to stop ordering East Coast longshoremen to work struck ships. . . . The Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America called a strike against the Sun Shipbuilding and Drydock Company at Chester, Pennsylvania, and on December 11 the picket line around the shipyard was attacked by strikebreakers, police and finally fire-engines. More than 100 were injured, and one striker died. . . . At the Berkshire Knitting Mills of Reading, Pennsylvania, where 5,000 workers have been on strike since October 1, the picket line was again attacked with tear-gas bombs and clubs. More than 140 strikers have been jailed. . . . William L. Pieplow, a minority stockholder of the strike-bound Lindemann and Hoverson Company stove plant in Milwaukee, has instituted suit demanding that a receiver be appointed and officials of the firm be required to bargain with the strikers, charging that the management has destroyed the assets of the company by its refusal to negotiate for more than a year. . . . Operators of Flint, Michigan, trolley buses voted 103 to 3 to reject the proposal that they return to work pending arbitration, though the vice-president of their union informed them they would be dropped from the rolls. The City Commission moved to revoke the charter of the bus company unless service were immediately started. . . . Stay-in was resumed at the Kelsey-Hayes Wheel Company factories at Detroit when the employers broke off negotiations after strikers had returned to work.

IN The New Republic of December 9, in our department, "The Bandwagon," we quoted President J. Edgar Park of Wheaton College, Norton, Massachusetts, as having said in a public address that "Fascism is not enough, even though it is a start in the right direction." While we correctly reprinted the newspaper item from which the quotation was taken, that item contained a typographical error. What President Park said was: "Pacifism is not enough, even though it is a start in the right direction." We hasten to make this correction, and to extend our deepest apologies to President Park.

FROM Washington comes the news that important persons close to Mr. Roosevelt, disturbed by the hostility of most of the country's leading newspapers, are planning to found a new liberal weekly, 100-percent devoted to "New Deal principles." We applaud this enterprise, and helpfully suggest a name for the contemplated organ. Why not call it "Today"?

Business Promises to Be Good

THE National Association of Manufacturers has, in the memory of living man, acted as the extreme right wing of the reactionary tendencies of industry in the United States. Its convention halls used to resound with pronunciamentos against unions, shorter hours, higher pay, government ownership or regulation. It was always on hand, lobbying in the national Congress for protective tariffs and lower taxes, and in the state legislature against social legislation. Now it has just held a convention in which it pledged coöperation with the social aims of the New Deal and heralded an "era of good feeling." It has adopted a Declaration of Principles of American Industry, setting forth in the first paragraph the following objectives: "Better living, better housing, more of the necessities, comforts and luxuries of life, steadier work, more certainty of a job, more security for old age."

Apparently the National Association of Manufacturers has pondered the election returns. It is one representative of the group in American society that had been most outspoken and bitter in condemnation of President Roosevelt and all his works. The election constituted the most eloquent rejection that such an attitude has ever received from the American people. It would be impossible to go on fighting the federal government along the old lines as long as industry continued to accept a nominally democratic government. Some, who feared vengeance, humbly hastened to proffer the hand of friendship. Others, their assurance broken, decided they must have been wrong in some way, that a new dispensation was here and must be accepted. Still others, a little more shrewd, apparently came to the conclusion that what was necessary was a more modern type of window-dressing. The NAM could use the same words that had brought the

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President such popularity, and, like him, it could employ its own judgment in interpreting these words when it came to action.

A closer examination of the text of the Declaration of Principles indicates that these persons must have had something to do with drawing it up. For in the more detailed and concrete proposals there are not many phrases that might not have occurred in the resolutions of earlier years, or that might not have followed an introduction militantly opposed to the New Deal.

Responsibility for advances in working conditions and distribution of wealth (advances that are overstated) is attributed solely to "the American business system." Such progress may be continued "under a competitive private enterprise, profit and loss system."

Ours is an interdependent society, in which farmers prosper when industry prospers, and industry prospers when farmers prosper. But what is the conclusion? That national economic policy be built upon a recognition of interdependence? No, that "Individual initiative shall not lose the impetus and inspiration that has [sic] brought our people to their high standard of living."

The NAM is against monopoly in business. But it is also against monopoly in "labor"—that is, labor organization which by collective bargaining can balance the concentration of power in the hands of employers. Besides, "a well informed public should differentiate between mere size and monopoly."

Industry has an obligation to absorb as many of the unemployed as possible and to retrain workers for occupations where labor shortages exist. It should study the serious problems of the business cycle and endeavor to mitigate its violent effect. But, by implication, government should not participate in the attempt to solve these problems. "The true function of proper government, as declared by the founders of the American system, is to protect the individual in the exercise of his rights. When this is done, social and economic progress is assured through individual initiative, responsibility and advancement." And government should not compete with private industry.

Business is in favor of economic security for each citizen, meaning "provision for the needy, aged, sick, disabled and unemployed." It does not believe that the Social Security Act will achieve this end—a judgment that is shared by many who think the government ought to go very much further than it does in this law. The NAM, on the contrary, leans toward privately established insurance schemes—which have signally failed to provide security in the United States as elsewhere.

Labor, management and investors should each receive a "fair share" of the proceeds, "according to the contribution made." How is this sharing to be determined? By "coöperation" between management and employees—the employees not being organized in independent unions, and collective bargaining with the unions not being enforced. This is a legitimate inference from the standard open-shop phraseology used in the Declaration, which favors the right of labor to obtain employment "without regard to membership or non-membership in any organization," and to bargain "either collectively or individually," "without interference or coercion by anyone." Likewise the employer must be "free from coercion." If employers "safeguard the right" of workers to obtain employment without membership in a union, and to bargain individually, and if neither employer nor employee is compelled by anyone—including government—to bargain collectively, then of course union-smashing is the order of the day and laws like Section 7a of the NIRA or the Wagner act are banned.

The NAM is opposed to child labor and sweatshops and will support "appropriate" legislation to eliminate them. It may be well to withhold the cheers until we see what legislation is deemed appropriate. The NAM is for higher wages and shorter hours, but it thinks the progress toward them in the past has resulted solely from "the American system of free enterprise" and will continue to result merely from this system and its improvement of industrial methods. It warns against "arbitrary" reductions of hours and against national attempts to fix hours and wages.

The declaration, like the Republican platform, is for a balanced budget without higher taxes—an aim that President Roosevelt, it must be said, has also endorsed. It is for enough taxation to enable government to perform "economically" the "constitutional functions imposed upon it." One can guess what sort of interpretation of the Constitution the drafters had in mind. And the NAM opposes the surplus-profits tax.

The manufacturers are opposed to stock-market gambling, but want the door left open to legitimate investment. This statement is wholly blameless. They favor expansion of international trade, but oppose the present reciprocal tariffs and the method of negotiating them. Their tariff formula is the very one that under Coolidge and Hoover resulted in little but increases of the exorbitant Smoot-Hawley rates. It is to base the tariff on "the differences in relative cost of foreign and domestic production," and to delegate the duty of making changes to a tariff commission. New tariff treaties should be made only after open hearings of all concerned, they should not apply to "most-favored nations," and should be ratified by the Senate. The present administration has been enabled to obtain tariff reductions only because all these principles have been abandoned in favor of negotiations by the Department of State, which is given the power to make concessions in a real bargaining spirit. Interminable and indecisive studies of relative costs of production, and congressional log-rolling in the framing of treaties, would never have resulted in reciprocity.

Finally, the NAM is against war, without the slightest word as to how war is to be avoided. It is significant of the Association's limited ideas on this

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subject that the peace section comes immediately after the tariff section.

This is the same old Association of Manufacturers. Industry, as here represented, wants an "era of good feeling" only on its own terms. It does not intend to share any power with labor or government, or to change any of the methods or policies, dissatisfaction with which led the people to support the present administration.

The Far East Boils Over

THE NEWS from the Far East is obscure and interpretation is difficult. Nevertheless, enough is known to make sure that movements likely to prove of great importance have taken place.

The most dramatic single happening of the past week was the seizure of Chiang Kai-shek by Chang Hsueh-liang, in Shensi Province, and the Generalissimo's subsequent murder. With the announcement that Chiang Kai-shek had been kidnaped by the leader of his own anti-communist forces came the news that Chang Hsueh-liang was demanding war against Japan, an effort to get back all the lost territory, including Manchuria, and the reorganization of the Kuomintang, with communists again eligible as they were before 1927. As soon as this took place, speculation began, as it always does with news from China, as to whether some foreign power were not behind Chang. Suggestions were made that this foreign power was Soviet Russia or, alternatively, Japan. We see no reason to assume that either of these speculations is correct.

Soviet Russia wants peace beyond anything else, and has repeatedly demonstrated, by her policy in the Far East, that she will go to almost any lengths to avoid an open break with Japan. Why, then, should she suddenly move in China against Japan and particularly through such a notoriously weak and unstable agent as Chang Hsueh-liang? The alternative theory that Japan is behind the action is more plausible, but not overwhelmingly so. To weaken Nanking might, certainly, result in the reappearance of local war lords throughout China against whom Japan could proceed on the theory of "divide and conquer." On the other hand, an appeal for resistance against Japanese aggression, coming from the leaders of communist China, would certainly strike fire in the minds of millions of the rising generation throughout the country. The third theory, that Chang acted on his own, seems to us to fit the facts so far as they are known. His soldiers are said to have been fraternizing with the fighting men of the communist area against whom they had been sent out, and there is no reason to suppose that this fraternization may not have extended all the way up to the general in command.

The picture of the Chinese situation is somewhat clarified if we understand the size and importance of the Chinese communist area against which Chang Hsueh-liang's soldiers were supposed to be sent. Recent authoritative information on this point has been given by Edgar Snow, staff correspondent of The London Daily Herald, after four months' travel and investigation in Soviet China. Mr. Snow reports that the communist territory is now larger than it has ever been. It includes most of northern Shensi, virtually all of Kansu, north of the Sain-Lanchow highway, including the rich Yellow River Valley, and the greater part of Ninghsia south of the Great Wall and east of the Yellow River, as well as scattered territories in other provinces. Mr. Snow found complete unity among the Red Army commanders, well disciplined troops and a loyal population supporting them. In an extended series of interviews, Mao Tse-tung, chairman of the Central Soviet Government and member of the Revolutionary Military Committee, told Mr. Snow that China would offer firm and determined military resistance if Japan should attempt to take the country by force of arms. After carefully analyzing the military elements involved, Chairman Mao expressed the opinion that China, with some degree of outside aid, might well emerge victorious in such a conflict.

Internal developments in Japan are of hardly less interest than the spectacular kidnaping of Chiang Kai-shek. Following the announcement of the German-Japanese "understanding" against the Third International, there came two happenings which had a markedly bad effect on Japanese public opinion—which still exists, despite the rigid governmental censorship. The first was that Soviet Russia, not unnaturally, refused to sign the pending fisheries agreement which means so much to Japan. The other was that Great Britain indicated her violent displeasure. That Japan has two governments, one military and one civil, is of course an old story. The German arrangement was the work of the military men, and civilian leaders have been quick to press home their momentary advantage. They have put the military leaders on the spot to a sufficient extent to force from them the ridiculous explanation that the anti-communist agreement was just a piece of German blackmail, to which Japan had to consent in order to get aid from the Third Reich for her rearmament program. The result of all this is that the present Cabinet seems to be in some danger.

What does this jumble of events mean for the peace of the Orient and, therefore, of the world? On the whole, the outlook is probably somewhat improved. The Japanese militarists, like the same group in every other country, are recklessly willing to plunge into war in order to carry out their aims. Evidence that their opponents at home have mustered up courage enough to speak out is a cause for rejoicing throughout the world.

In China particularly, the Japanese army has been engaged in a game based largely on bluff. The militarists have tried to terrorize or bribe every important Chinese official they could reach. But as the New York Times correspondent remarked in the issue of December 15, the leaders of the communist forces

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are unique in China in that they are hard to frighten and impossible to buy. If an arrangement could really be made between Nanking and communist China for joint resistance to Japanese aggression, the chance would be much diminished that aggression would continue. But the real key to the Far Eastern question still remains in Berlin. If Hitler goes through with his plan to make war upon Soviet Russia, there is a strong chance that his Japanese ally will join the conflict; if Germany can be kept at peace, the hope of averting war with the Orient is correspondingly increased.

The Guild Goes to Town

IN RECENT weeks a score of papers, from Seattle to Boston, have recognized the American Newspaper Guild and have granted it either signed contracts or less formal agreements. This is quite clearly an amazing development, not only as it reflects the most substantial progress yet made by the Guild but also as it reveals an important shift in management policy. Only a few months ago some of these identical publishers were denouncing the Guild as a threat to the "freedom of the press" and were refusing, in some instances at least, even to answer its polite requests for bargaining conferences. The stanch open-shop leaders of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association are, of course, horrified by the situation and last week issued a special warning to member papers appealing to them, in effect, to boycott the Guild. It appears, however, that the rank-and-file publishers are not listening to such appeals with the spontaneous unanimity of former times. In the course of a few weeks the Guild has gained more than it achieved in all of its negotiations (and attempted negotiations) of the preceding three years put together. In San Francisco, for example, where the Guild had its first sample of publisher intimidation in the famous Dean Jennings case, it now has an agreement with every paper in the city. The publishers are to be applauded, of course, for executing such a smart about-face, but how did it happen?

There is one theory that they waited for the election returns and then decided that their policy of resisting and intimidating their editorial workers was not the best way of winning public acclaim. While this undoubtedly has some merit, it seems more probable that the decisive factor was the Guild's 108-day strike against Hearst's Seattle Post-Intelligencer. That demonstrated beyond question not only the Guild's courage and tenacity, but also its ability to win and hold the support of the labor movement. It finally forced the country's most powerful publisher to recognize a union of his own editorial employees and to grant them better working conditions.

Certainly the lesson was not lost upon the Hearst management itself. Since the Seattle settlement, seven other Hearst papers—in San Francisco, Oakland, Washington, D.C., and New York City—have reached understandings with the Guild. Most of these have been in the form of bulletin-board announcements rather than signed contracts, but they have been products of collective bargaining none the less. They have established for the first time in written form the publisher's pledge to maintain acceptable minimum pay scales, the five-day, forty-hour week and other improved conditions of employment. In the case of The New York Evening Journal, for example, the Hearst management accepted without modification the New York Guild's proposal on minimum wages ($55 for reporters of three years' experience and $60 for desk men, photographers and artists), the five-day week and dismissal bonuses running up to six months' pay for ten years' service.

Largely as a result of the rich harvest since the election, the Guild now has twenty-three signed contracts or agreements and eight bulletin-board announcements to its credit. Unquestionably its outstanding achievement, from a prestige point of view, is the contract signed a fortnight ago with The New York Daily News. With this it obtained a preferential shop on the largest paper in the United States. Editorial employees must now join the Guild within six months after they are hired and must remain in good standing with the Guild to hold their jobs. The contract also sets up the highest minimum salaries in the country—$70 for rewrite men, copy readers, make-up men and caption writers. Minimums in other classifications, after three years' experience, include $65 for photographers, $60 for artists and photographic printers, $50 for reporters. Even typists and librarians are covered with minimums of $30 and $35. This schedule, of course, is merely intended to set standards below which the publisher shall not go. It is not to be regarded as fixing maximum pay. Actually, however, it will involve an increase in the editorial budget of $100,000 a year, bringing pay increases of $5 to $10 a week to 175 employees.

There can be little doubt that the Guild has established itself as the recognized union of editorial employees in the newspaper field. Even Editor and Publisher magazine, it appears, is now ready to concede as much. Although only a few months ago this organ of the newspaper owners advised its readers that "this nondescript union [the Guild] has to be eliminated from the newspaper structure," last week it congratulated the Guild in one editorial on the higher wage scales it had obtained and observed in another editorial that "belatedly, many newspaper publishers now realize that a new style in economic thinking has come to pass, and no clairvoyance is needed today to predict that newspapers will follow the example of leading industrialists in sharing justly with their employees the increased fruits of 1936 business." Editor and Publisher does not bother to point out the relation between the higher wages and collective bargaining, but it is probable that newspaper workers can grasp that

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point without benefit of editorializing. By its achievements the Guild has shown that a strong, intelligently led trade union can be just as effective in the white-collar and professional field as in any other.

The Carpenters Convene

THERE now appears to have been much logic, if little justice, in the refusal of General President William L. Hutcheson to permit the holding of a convention of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners during the last eight years. Such an assembly has been held within the last fortnight, at the Carpenters' Home in Lakeland, Florida. The net gain to the carpenters' union and the American labor movement was nothing. The critics of Mr. Hutcheson's war on industrial unionism, of his championing of Governor Landon, of his opposition to even rudimentary social legislation, were not permitted the floor.

Before the convention convened, Mr. Hutcheson had ruled that 74,000 union wood workers in the Northwest were to have fraternal delegates only, since they pay only 25 cents a month dues as compared with the usual fee of 75 cents. General Secretary Frank Duffy informed the "fraternal" delegates, when they protested, that they were present only on "probation" and as "honorary members." With one-fourth of the 300,000 members claimed thus gagged, the Hutcheson steam roller moved to eliminate all criticism from other sources. This was accomplished by the simple expedient of declaring all critical resolutions "communist," and by deciding that any delegate who sponsored a "communist" resolution was to be expelled from the Brotherhood. The proposals which then went into the convention wastebasket included requests for organizing the unorganized, for protection of union standards, and for shearing President Hutcheson of some of the prerogatives which make him the most powerful of the several tsars who now hold dominion over large sections of the trade-union movement. Mr. Hutcheson will continue to have the right to appoint all convention committees, to fine and bar delegates, to throw single members and entire locals out of the Brotherhood if they commit any one of a number of crimes, stated and unstated. He may:

> . . . grant dispensations in extraordinary cases . . . fill any vacancies among the general officers . . . appoint organizers [at a salary of $100 weekly] . . . take possession of all books, papers, financial accounts of any local union summarily when he may deem it necessary . . . suspend any local union, district council . . . [etc.].

Communism, which one administration spokesman defined as "any man who gets up and sings the 'Internationale,'" will continue to be a complete cause for expulsion. Mr. Hutcheson himself handed down the dictum that communism is not a political theory, therefore the constitutional right of a member to exercise and hold his own political view was not being violated.

Nevertheless, all will not be clear sailing for Mr. Hutcheson, chief mainstay of the craft unionists in their struggle with the Committee of Industrial Organization. The Lakeland convention was worth while if only because it provided an answer to the demands of the 74,000 wood workers from Washington and Oregon. These men, lumber and sawmill workers, box-makers and furniture workers, organized themselves, under the encouragement of the early days of the NRA, into federal locals directly affiliated with the A.F. of L. Acting under the time-honored rule of the Federation's executive council that to the largest craft unions belong the spoils, the 74,000 workers were turned over to the Brotherhood of Carpenters, which accorded them the status of "non-beneficial members," with no right to convention delegates, votes in referenda or representation on the general executive board of the Brotherhood.

Now, these Northwest unions are industrial unions. Some include teamsters and other non-wood workers. They are strongly for the CIO. Last September they formed a Federation of Wood Workers, as yet unrecognized by Mr. Hutcheson. They demanded an end of "taxation without representation," and opposed Mr. Hutcheson's political and internal A.F. of L. policies. Then they decided to wait for the Lakeland convention for redress of their grievances. The convention turned them away with a promise of further investigation. In the very near future, the Federation may affiliate with the CIO. Some of its leaders are urging secession from the Brotherhood and, thus, from the A.F. of L. Such a breakaway, coupled with affiliation with the CIO, might prove to be the final straw for the craft leaders. Expulsion of the CIO unions and formation, by them, of a new federation of labor would follow. If the CIO leaders should be forced to such a step, they could cite the conduct of Mr. Hutcheson and his machine as proof of the utter impossibility of continuing to seek an honorable peace with the craft-union leaders.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Next Four Years for Labor

Articles have already appeared in the series of which this is a part, by Representative Maury Maverick, Secretary Henry Wallace, Former Under-Secretary Rexford G. Tugwell and Morris L. Cooke. The other contributors will be Thomas Reed Powell, Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, Bruce Bliven and George Soule.—THE EDITORS.

DURING the past four years organized labor has gained in strength and influence. Especially during the past twelve months has its prestige been rapidly extended both in the economic and political fields.

As the result of experience acquired under Section 7 of the National Industrial Recovery Act of 1933, as well as under the National Recovery Administration itself during the years 1933-35, it became apparent that the workers in our great mass-production industries must be mobilized into industrial unions. Unless this was done, it was feared that the organized labor movement in America was destined to become a negligible factor in our economic, social and political life. Only about two million workers were represented by craft unions in 1933 and approximately another million by industrial unions. In sharp contrast, about thirty million wage and salary workers in our basic manufacturing and mining enterprises were available for and sorely needed the benefits of unionization. It was in the light of these deplorable conditions that measures were inaugurated by the Committee for Industrial Organization during the past year to bring to these neglected workers the privileges of industrial freedom and the advantages of collective action.

This movement has met with gratifying success. Approximately one hundred thousand steel workers have already been formally enrolled. Remarkable gains have also been made in the unionization of automobile, radio, rubber, electrical-manufacturing and other groups of employees of mass-production industries.

While this campaign goes forward, as it undoubtedly will, with constantly accelerated force, the organized labor movement will greatly increase in power and prestige. Consequently, it envisions the next four years as a period which will afford an opportunity for increased constructive service to all groups of workers, men or women, skilled or unskilled, in overalls or white collars. The main emphasis of the CIO group for the immediate future and for some time to come will, therefore, be placed upon organization. Complete unionization of the mass-production industries is our primary objective.

In the industrial field, organization of the workers and the establishment of genuine collective bargaining or coöperation between them and management on the basis of equality in economic strength are the first, essential conditions to real industrial performance. In its plan for the future, organized labor, therefore, assumes that employees and management will work together for the attainment of maximum industrial productivity. It recognizes that a life of reasonable leisure and plenty for all cannot be hoped for through a continuance of the restrictive methods and monopolistic practices as to prices, production and wages that were characteristic of the inefficient system of finance-capitalism of former years. As a consequence, it proposes to use its strength to establish an industrial procedure of constantly increasing productive efficiency and constantly lower costs, prices and profits per unit of output, attended by a corresponding expansion in wages and salaries payments, or, in other words, a growth in mass-purchasing power sufficient to absorb the ever growing production of our mills, mines, factories and farms.

To use an academic term that is rapidly becoming popularized, organized labor may, therefore, be said to be constructively striving for a "planned economy" under the auspices of the federal government. On the other hand, it should be added that it does not contemplate the creation of a large federal or state bureaucracy. The "planned economy" which is essential to the interests of labor, as well as other economic groups, is one based upon the fundamental, democratic idea of human well-being and culture. Its procedure will be determined by the fundamental principles and safeguards of industrial democracy. Starting from the basic guarantee—labor's right to organize and bargain collectively through freely chosen representatives—it would lay down as a minimum basis of procedure certain other essential principles of industrial democracy as a condition to the operation of industry, such as:

1. A living wage for an unskilled laborer sufficient to maintain himself and family according to established budgetary standards on a level of reasonable health and comfort; above this minimum other workers—whether wage earners, salary workers or professional technicians—to be compensated for their skill, responsibility, training and productivity by proper differentials.
2. Shorter hours of work beginning with the six-hour day and the thirty-hour week.
3. Prohibition of child labor.
4. Women doing substantially the same work as men to receive the same compensation as men.

These are the underlying principles of the movement for establishing industrial democracy in mining and manufacturing. Together with other guarantees they are supplementary to the general principle that

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workers should constantly share, in terms of higher rates of compensation and more leisure, in the productive gains of industry.

Why are we striving to realize these objectives of industrial democracy through economic planning under federal auspices, or through the establishment of national regulation of industry to the extent, at least, of production, price and profit controls?

Because organized labor has discovered, along with other groups of our people, that the majority of our industrialists and financiers cannot and will not govern industry in an enlightened and far-seeing way for the interest of wage and salary workers and the public. Our country's economic experience during the past fifteen years is a conclusive record of the incompetency of this group:

1. During the years 1923-29, marvelous productive gains were improperly diverted to the small, privileged groups in control of finance and industry. Wage and salary workers were deprived of a fair participation in output and their families ruthlessly doomed to inadequate living standards.

2. During the years 1930-32, the masses of our people were abandoned to unemployment and indescribable suffering. Home, farm and security values were deflated to the brink of national chaos.

3. During the period 1933-36, as soon as the New Deal brought about a revival of profits in 1934, industrial and financial leaders dropped all semblance of cooperation, and actively turned against it, consumed by the desire to restore themselves to power and to revive the discredited conditions of finance-capitalism of the years 1923-29.

Since the devastating defeat which these reactionary groups suffered at the polls last November, representatives of outstanding industrial groups claim to be able to see a new light and have been advocating an "era of good will" and constructive coöperation. Organized labor knows, however, that all efforts in this direction will be fruitless until our basic industries are freed from the Bourbon financial dictatorship which now controls their policies. It is more than ever convinced that industry and finance must be subjected to a high degree of public regulation. This conclusion has come to labor leadership not only through its knowledge of the dominance of the directorates and officials of our basic industries by a sinister financial oligarchy, but also through actual experience with the industrial conditions which exist under our system of finance-capitalism.

Until recent years labor leadership believed that if industrial workers were guaranteed the right to organize and bargain collectively through freely chosen representatives, all other objectives could be accomplished through labor's own initiative and effort. As the result of the experience of the United Mine Workers prior to and during the depression, however, it was learned that without orderly planning and the establishment of production, price and profit controls in coal and other overdeveloped and overcapacitated natural-resources industries, the right to organize would be ineffective as a means of maintaining a union that could hope to win for its membership proper wage and hour standards or a fair participation in output.

Through subsequent experience under the National Recovery Administration, organized labor discovered that the realization of its fundamental program depended upon national regulation and establishment of price, production and profit controls, not only in our natural-resources industries but also in our basic manufacturing industries. At the height of prosperity in 1929, the Brookings Institution, for instance, found that our industrial system was operating at only 81 percent of capacity.

That labor leadership realizes that such constructive planning is necessary to its future success is obvious from its past record, its present program and its future objectives, as exemplified by the Watson, Davis-Kelly and Guffey coal bills, the Ellenbogen textile bill, the Wood steel-control bill, the original NIRA and the new O'Mahoney bill, the Wagner-Connery labor-relations act and the Black thirty-hour-week bill.

As to constructive legislation to be submitted to the forthcoming session of the Congress, no specific measures or general program have as yet been formulated. The one exception to this situation is the Guffey coal bill, which passed the House and failed to come to a vote in the Senate during the closing days of the last Congress. It is definitely planned to submit a new bill after the new Congress convenes, more extensive and far-reaching, if possible, than the one which failed of enactment last summer.

My personal opinion is that labor's general program for supplementing political democracy with sound measures of industrial democracy should be embodied in a new bill based upon the authority of the federal government to license corporations engaged in interstate commerce, the principles and standards of industrial democracy to be made a condition of the issuance of such licenses. The United Mine Workers originally proposed licensing as a method of federal regulation. It was the procedure used in the Watson coal bill of 1927, and the Davis-Kelly bill of 1931-32. Federal licensing was also adopted in the first draft of the NIRA of 1933, but was later superseded by the device of voluntary codes of fair competition.

It seems to me also, however, that it would be out of keeping with existing economic tendencies to designate such new general legislation as a "National Industrial Recovery Act." Because of the stimulating effect of New Deal policies, the country is rapidly approaching economic recovery in the conventional or traditional sense of the word. What we are now primarily interested in, therefore, is constructive economic reform.

It is, of course, understood that such proposed legislation, or other pending bills having to do with labor standards and conditions, have, as the result of recent decisions, inferentially at least fallen under the ban of the Supreme Court. Moreover, it is evi-

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dent that a federal license for corporations engaged in interstate commerce could not alone be utilized to establish for industrial procedure principles and standards that the Supreme Court has already declared were beyond the power of Congress to impose upon industry. In other words, it is apparent that before we can be assured that our national economic system can be required to function in accordance with our democratic institutions, some adequate constitutional amendment must be adopted, or some legislative use must be made of the power of the Congress to regulate the jurisdiction of inferior federal courts, or the appellate jurisdiction and procedure of the Supreme Court.

In this connection, it is my own conviction that both methods of constitutional reform should be utilized concurrently. In the first place, there should be added to legislative measures designed to establish labor standards and public control, provisions denying jurisdiction on grounds of unconstitutionality to the lower federal courts, and prohibiting appeals on the same grounds to the Supreme Court. The use of this legislative method by Congress would prevent the Supreme Court from nullifying constructive legislation for economic and labor reforms on grounds of unconstitutionality.

There is a fundamental democratic principle involved, however, in the present controversy as to the Supreme Court that cannot and should not be thus more or less permanently avoided through the use of the powers of Congress to prescribe the procedure of the federal courts. In other words, we cannot contemplate the continuance of a condition under our Constitution whereby the will of the people expressed through their duly elected representatives in Congress may be thwarted by a Supreme Court of nine Justices appointed for life. When directly faced, this situation means that we are ruled by a judicial oligarchy and are not a democratic, self-governing republic. In addition to legislative action by Congress eliminating the appellate jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, therefore, a clear-cut and comprehensive constitutional amendment depriving the Supreme Court of power to question the constitutionality of any act of the Congress, should be passed by the House and Senate and submitted to the people for ratification through conventions in the several states. This fundamental question could be thus effectively settled by the people in accordance with the provisions for amendment contained in the Constitution itself.

The advantage and, to my mind, the necessity of the twofold method of concurrent action—legislation by Congress restricting Court procedure and the formal submission of a constitutional amendment to the people—are that quick legislation by Congress would lift the ban of the Supreme Court upon labor, agricultural and industrial constructive reforms which would be critically needed during the more extended period of time required for the ratification of an amendment to the Constitution. Because of the adverse and impossible attitude of the Supreme Court, it is an emergency situation which confronts us today, and one which necessitates immediate legislative relief, as well as the long-time action required to obtain a constitutional amendment.

Washington. JOHN L. LEWIS.

Theodore Dreiser

LAST SPRING, driving east from Chicago, I passed through Warsaw, Indiana, a sleepy town situated close to three small, lovely lakes. There was something familiar about the place, something that made me feel certain I had been there before. And then, suddenly, I remembered: I had read about Warsaw in Theodore Dreiser's autobiography of childhood, "Dawn." Dreiser had lived there in his early teens; there he had read Shakespeare, Ouida, "Tom Jones," Laura Jean Libby, General Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur," Dickens, Carlyle and "Moll Flanders" in higgledy-piggledy confusion in the local library. There one of his sisters had conceived an illegitimate child; there his mother, a vague, sweet, struggling, ineffectual creature, had tried to keep the remnants of her family together on practically nothing. And there the young Theo had skated and swum, had mooned about the beauty of the lakes and the Tippecanoe River, and had dreamed about high-born girls while having an experience with the baker's willing daughter.

It was easy to imagine the culture of the Warsaw of two or three generations ago; you could read it in the town's architecture, which was a little more solid than Rochester's to the south, or that of Coldwater, Michigan, to the north. Quite obviously the culture had been Puritan-commercial; that could be taken for granted. But—or so one fancied—the spirit of the place wasn't too pushing, or too intolerant. The local church sociables were really sociable; it was, in short, the sort of town that would neither accept the Dreisers nor persecute them. Nor would it try to bring these impoverished newcomers from southern Indiana into the Puritan-commercial orbit.

I had not read Dreiser in a long time and I had not been thinking of him. But the five minutes spent driving through Warsaw suddenly explained to me Dreiser's whole relation to the literature of his times and to the movement of ideas that killed the rule of the genteel tradition in America. This was not the result of an attempt at mystical penetration

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on my part; I was no Keyserling catching an idea from a cross-wind merely because the car had slowed down to fifteen miles an hour. What had happened was that the half-remembered facts of "Dawn" suddenly shuffled themselves into a significant pattern. Dreiser, it became wholly obvious to me for the first time, had not consciously attacked the sway of the genteel tradition when he wrote "Sister Carrie." That book had been a natural; it was a yea-saying to what he had learned in Warsaw, not a nay-saying to the conventional New England schoolmarm. Indeed, his own school teachers had been both sympathetic and helpful.

Consider the facts in the case. The young Theodore had not been accepted by Puritan-commercial folk; therefore he was not loaded down in childhood with hampering theories of the correct way in which to live and act and write. The great moral paradox of the age—how to square the competitive parable of the talents with the teachings of the New Testament—did not trouble him, since he was not preached at by elders who were quick to urge young people to succeed—and to be good Christian men and women at the same time. Nor did he suffer because of exclusion: Warsaw did not hound him. He got through the impressionable years without undue infection from the missionary spirit of the American Tract Society and the novels of the period. Instead, he followed his instincts: for sentimentalism (Ouida, Laura Jean Libby), and for good, raw, healthily vulgar stuff ("Tom Jones," "Moll Flanders"). The Ouida strain and the "Tom Jones" strain persist as dominants in all the Dreiser books. If the young Theodore had anything to rebel against, anything to give him the mark of negativism, it was the Catholic Church, whose creed was interpreted with a dogmatic literalness by his narrow and repellent father. But the father, who did not come with his family to Warsaw, lacked the intelligence to apply the Catholic creed to books or to daily life; his dogmatism remained largely *in vacuo*. Hence Dreiser's opposition to his father never centered on anything concrete. It developed merely into an animus against philosophy in general and so served to confirm him in an empirical habit of mind.

The women of Dreiser's novels are generally of two types—the uncritical, naturally sweet sort who give in for reasons of sympathy rather than of passion, and the prim, fussy daughters of the genteel. The first type—Carrie Meeber, Jennie Gerhardt, Roberta Alden, even Aileen Butler, the contractor's daughter, of "The Financier" and "The Titan"—are compounded of Dreiser's memories of his mother and his sisters; the second type is obviously drawn from the model of his first wife, a Missouri girl who was his first contact with the genteel. But the girl from Missouri had nothing to do with the shape of "Sister Carrie" or "Jennie Gerhardt"; these books are positive acts, affirmations of life hungering for experience. Not until he wrote "The 'Genius'" and, later on, "An American Tragedy," did Dreiser mix animus with his ink. The animus is probably the reason for the heavy insistence on the role of environment in accounting for the character of Clyde Griffiths. Simply because the conscious nay-sayer protests too much, it has been easy to attack the conception of the young Clyde as "inevitably" the product of his early environment. Other young men with evangelical backgrounds failed to kill their sweethearts in similar dilemmas. Theory, in Dreiser's later years, commenced to ride his feeling for personality; he did better work when he was concerned with projecting personality, leaving the moralizing for isolated passages that stand as blemishes without destroying the force of his creation.

It is the early Dreiser that interests me—the Dreiser of "Carrie" and "Jennie," of the Cowperwood stories, and of the autobiographical narrative, "A Book About Myself," which has been republished as "Newspaper Days." I read "A Book About Myself" when I was just out of college, a young innocent who had little idea of what made the wheels go round in America. With its detailed account of wandering through Chicago, St. Louis, Toledo, Pittsburgh and New York in the nineties, "A Book About Myself" made the complexity of the modern industrial scene understandable—one could see from Dreiser's weltering, wondering, patient pages how it came into being. Dreiser's memories of the Pittsburgh of the Homestead Strike were especially galvanic; I had scarcely known, before reading "A Book About Myself," that such a thing as labor strife existed. (We were then living in the New Era, and I had been too young to take any particular notice of the troubles of 1918-21.) "A Book About Myself" was just the thing to give a fledgling newspaper reporter a sense of orientation. As for the novels—"Carrie," "Jennie," "The Titan," "The Financier"—they helped to confirm the impressions gained from "A Book About Myself." But they don't stand intensive rereading; one recalls them too easily. They have no stubborn subtleties of the sort that only yield themselves up on the third trip; hence my main affection for Dreiser is that he once helped me and did such a good job of it that I need his help no longer. Along with Scott Fitzgerald, Ring Lardner and others, he taught me to see through the genteel tradition, to shake myself free of the belated colonialism of the late nineteenth century in New England. He taught me to discount as wish fulfilment the ideas of Stuart P. Sherman, who seemed to think Carrie Meebers and Jennie Gerhardts and Frank Cowperwoods were impossible.

Not that Dreiser's anatomy of American life is final; no live person's should be. Finality means the end of curiosity, and Dreiser has always been curious. Even his late attempt to square Marxism with his own notions of "equity" leaves plenty of room for discovery, for rearranging his patterns to account for new intrusions of fact. He is still the empiricist. This habit of mind was what distin-

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guished him, along with Stephen Crane, from all his important novelist contemporaries. And because of this habit of mind and a set of reflexes that had not been conditioned by the dominant ethos, the young Dreiser went forth equipped as no other novelist of the late nineteenth century to understand emerging industrial America. When he looked at a "captain of industry," or a "promoter," he was under no inner compulsion to square what he saw with an ethic picked up in Sunday-school years. Herein he broke with more tender-minded contemporary novelists who were also fascinated by the problem of industrial power—with Frank Norris, William Allen White, Robert Herrick and a host of lesser figures. The lesser figures were content to shut their eyes and glorify; they did the groundwork that resulted in the Coolidge cult of Service. To Norris, White and Herrick, more sensitive men, the industrialist was too patent a force to be ignored, yet they couldn't digest him without serious qualms of conscience.

The business man was justified by the parable of the talents, yes; but there was this matter of the plain words of the New Testament. What to do about the paradox? William Allen White solved it, in "A Certain Rich Man," by having his hero, John Barclay, give away the "dirty dollars" that he had amassed during his lifetime. Frank Norris, after dwelling on the power and the nerve and the skill of his market operator in "The Pit," engineered a similar last-minute conversion. And Robert Herrick caused his "American citizen," the sausage-maker Van Harrington, to think his way through to a new Darwinian competitive ethic—something which an actual Van Harrington would probably have never bothered his head about. All three of them—White, Norris and Herrick—felt constrained by their upbringings to take their eyes off the object: the industrialist, who usually felt justice and destiny to be on his side. They misinterpreted the man of destiny when they gave him the moral qualms of the brooding novelist. And the Puritan-commercial culture was paradoxically to blame for both the man of destiny and his misinterpreter. The man of destiny went forth armed with the parable of the talents and a Calvinistic conviction of divine election; as John D. Rockefeller put it, "God gave me my money." And the novelist, who chose to accent the New Testament, couldn't believe that John D. said that with a good conscience. But John D. did say it with a good conscience. Dreiser was the first novelist to realize that. Lacking the conviction of commercial election himself, lacking also an uneasy belief that America must be squared with the New Testament, he could simply look and report and imagine.

It is true that as a young man Dreiser had his moments when he lacked the objective vision. He confesses, willingly enough, that he often yearned for the things that wealth could buy; he had an adolescent itch for gaudy clothes, for fine estates, for dinners in lobster palaces. But he soon satisfied himself that he lacked personal capacity for the sort of life that would bring him these things, and when he eventually did make money—as editor of The Delineator and as the author of a couple of popular successes—he used it to finance his writing, not to imitate the Pittsburgh millionaires whose antics he had studied in the nineties. His own early desires enabled him to understand the longings of Carrie and Jennie, of Cowperwood and of Clyde Griffiths; as Louis Kronenberger puts it, he has frequently used the novel to kill the thing he originally loved. Clyde Griffiths may be taken as a portrait of the young man Dreiser might have been if events had not decreed otherwise. Simply because Dreiser created Griffiths in a confessional mood, the portrait has authenticity and symbolic truth. Clyde Griffiths may not represent America in its better moments, but he represents one American aspiration, at any rate. The fact that Dreiser did not himself go the way of Clyde Griffiths, however, riddles the deterministic philosophy which the book is intended to underscore.

I have said nothing about the barbarities of Dreiser's style; there is nothing left to say about them that hasn't been said a hundred times and more. I have said nothing about the effect that Thomas Henry Huxley and Balzac had on him, for a rereading of "Dawn" convinces me that Dreiser would have come to "Sister Carrie" and "The Titan" without their aid. Nor is there anything very specific to say about Dreiser's effect on later generations of American writers. In so far as his novels served as rallying points for the critics of the genteel—Mencken, Huneker, Vance Thompson—they have helped nearly everyone from Sherwood Anderson on down to Faulkner in a very general way. Dreiser, along with David Graham Phillips, the Shaw of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," Brieux, Emma Goldman, Freud and Mabel Dodge Luhan as *salonnière*, helped make it possible for our novelists to admit sex as an explosive element to their fictional worlds. But American writing, in the twenties, turned vigorously away from the Dreiserian conception of fiction. Fitzgerald, Lardner, Hemingway, Thornton Wilder, Elizabeth Roberts, Katherine Anne Porter, Kenneth Burke, Erskine Caldwell, Robert Cantwell—none of these believes in the power of massed detail. Nor does Dos Passos, who has sometimes been called Dreiserian in his scope. For Dos Passos' latest method is to pare his narratives to the bone; he gets his sense of profusion simply by printing four or five narratives between the same covers. Printed as an independent novel, the story of Charlie Anderson, for instance, would seem a clipped, un-Dreiserian thing. As a craftsman, Dreiser has made little mark. He remains, for me, a part of an education in ideas.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

This is the eighth of a series of literary revaluations. The next will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.

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Walled Cities

Notes on a Trip to Berlin, Paris and London

AS THE ship noses slowly up Southampton Water, our eyes, tired of the blank horizons of five days at sea, take in gratefully the signs of harbor: low-lying shores, black pill-box forts squatting in the water, tugs and navy craft, planes overhead. After the empty wastes of sea these sights look reassuringly human and friendly. But we are not Europeans. The young Polish mathematician standing next us at the rail is excited too, but in a somewhat different way. He indicates "all this" with a very slight smile as he says: "We see already a full picture of Europe—destroyers, a submarine, airplanes."

In our innocence we were greatly and agreeably surprised by the appearance of Berlin. Instead of the Prussian-pompous city we had expected, we saw a big, old-fashioned town of comfortable aspect. The huge parks and tree-lined avenues may have hidden from us, at first, those massive buildings we had envisioned. But the Adlon Hotel, which we had expected to be like one of Arnold Bennett's super-caravanseries, seemed about the same style and vintage as New York's venerable antique, the Murray Hill; and Wertheim's, the big department store, like any American emporium of twenty years ago. Later on, when we had seen Goering's immense Air Ministry (called by local wags "Hermann's little writing room") and some others, we had to admit that German architecture can sometimes be as frightening as it tries to be.

Unter den Linden, without the lindens, was a disappointment. On the Kurfürstendamm, however, the lindens were still flourishing. And so, to our surprise, were the Jewish shops and restaurants. The Reichstag was also a disappointment. We expected to see, if not a gutted shell, at least some scars left by Van der Lubbe—or was it a couple of other fellows? Is there still a Reichstag, I inquired? Oh, yes, to be sure; and it still meets occasionally, though not in the old building. It passes unanimous resolutions in favor of the latest decree, and then adjourns. For this patriotic service its members draw 500 marks a month.

The Berliners on the streets were utilitarian rather than beautiful, from the ankles up, and they were apt to be dowdily dressed; but they looked very solid, very real, and strangely enough, very cheerful. The faces of New York pedestrians were much more care-ridden. I wondered if this was an optical illusion, or more propaganda, and looked again. Could it be that Berliners look peaceful and contented because they are? If they were aware of the role in which the rest of the world has cast them, would they have the face to keep it up? To an outside eye they seem to be living like a country at war, but apparently it feels to them like peace. I began to realize at last what Hitler must mean to the German people. In his will is their peace.

The sidewalks were a peaceful scene, but the streets were full of something quite different. The deaths caused by traffic accidents in Berlin, I was told on good authority, tot up to 150 a week—which, considering the size of the city and the scarcity of cars, is a pretty high figure. But quite understandable, after you've seen them drive. One way to reduce traffic accidents is to control the traffic; another way is to stop traffic altogether. The latter seemed to be the German system. It is accomplished by means of ubiquitous parades—S.A., S.S., Hitler Youth, Arbeitsfront. To an unaccustomed eye these marching detachments look like soldiers. Even after it has been carefully explained that they are not, they still look like soldiers.

There were "real" soldiers to be seen, of course. There was, for instance, the guard always on duty at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. (The German version of his shrine made another mystery clear: his international veneration is a return to the old-time religion. He is the God of War, the God of the Soldier—Mithras out of Mars.) Watching the guard changed at the Tomb, I saw for the first time the famous goose-step. It was quite a different thing from seeing it in the newsreels. That stiff-legged beat, that slaps the ground so hard it would jar off a helmet not held on by a chin-strap, is much less ridiculous than horrible. It is a perfect picture of controlled violence; and it gives the onlooker (and no doubt the goose-stepping soldier, even more) the same sort of visceral sensation as bayoneting a prostrate foe while the bagpipes skirl. A Frenchman we met in Paris told us he had witnessed the march-past of this year's Nazi rally at Nuremberg. From nine in the morning till four in the afternoon he had stood near the reviewing point, watching the endless lines go by; each one, as it passed, breaking into the frenzied smash of the goose-step. For weeks afterwards, he said, he could think of nothing else.

I suppose no war museum is an anti-war museum. The one at Berlin is certainly not. The first sights that thrill your eye, in the entrance hall, are the planes of von Richthofen and Udet. The exhibits of the Great War (showing the equipment and armament of all the belligerents: all of the machinery but none of the product) are arranged methodically by years; and there must be some contagious madness in this method. For by the time you have reached 1918 you cannot escape the de-

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sired impression: that the War was an epic and the Germans its heroes, who went down at last fighting against insuperable odds.

In spite of being hardened to national advertising campaigns, I could not quite get used to seeing ikons of Hitler all over the place. At a Bach recital there he was, in most Wagnerian mood, in a very brown study, frowning down on the uncomfortable pianist—and on the numerous Jews in the audience. In a shop window on Unter den Linden, there he was again, right next to Nefertiti. Propaganda makes an American uneasy when served up without salt, as it is in Germany. We went to a cabaret where a sketch showed a scene in former German East Africa. When the chorus sang a song listing the colonies Germany has lost but will regain, the song stopped the show, and had to be repeated three times. Occasionally, you hear, the propaganda does miss its mark. We heard of a train of anti-Communist caravans which was sent through the country districts to rouse the peasants to hatred of Russia. Apparently the nature of this demonstration was misunderstood by the simple farmers, who downed tools and ran, shouting that the Russians were coming. And there are jokes about the government, though of course they don't get printed. Sample: an elderly gentleman, who had been sitting with a lady of his acquaintance on a streetcar, rose to take his departure, saying: *"Auf wiedersehen,* gracious lady." An S.S. man, overhearing this, said in a loud voice: "Allow me to point out that in the Third Reich there are no longer any gracious ladies." Voice from the back platform: "And no eggs either."

As your Paris-bound train carries you through the industrial towns of the Rhineland you see steel mills spouting smoke, and abandoned railway embankments covered with little truck gardens. That is rather a depressing sight, so you close your eyes and think what a nice place Berlin was. You wonder why your hostess said that Germans were sad; compared to American business men, they looked the picture of cheerfulness. (She had said of her fellow Berliners that they were "rather sad, very hard-working, rather hard up.") It is not until you are out of Germany that you realize she was right. The frontier is not yet completely closed, and the guns have not started; but in every other respect Germany is at war. Hitler's "moral equivalent" is so like war that it is practically the same thing.

As soon as the train has crossed the border into France, it is impossible not to realize that you are once more in a democracy. The roadbed immediately gets worse, the whole train takes on a rickety and individual air, the engine belches a particularly dirty brand of smoke, and you get to Paris an hour late. In spite of your irritation, it is a relief to find yourself back in the kind of civilization you understand.

Paris looked prosperous. The fountains at the Rond Point were playing; they had new bases of lalique glass, lit up from inside. The Automobile Show was on at the Grand Palais, and the Eiffel Tower was advertising the fact. The Champs Elysées was thronged with shiny cars, ranging from the swank to the chipper. The franc had been devalued, not a week before we arrived; but prices seemed normal, and there was no excitement about the devaluation, even in the newspapers. The word you hear most frequently in any language is "money," but politics runs money a close second in Paris. We met several layers-down-of-the-law, of conflicting persuasions; but they all, strangely enough, left the same impression: that they took for granted the incontrovertible axiom that France was the last stronghold of civilization, and Paris its crown.

At the movies you get a lengthy Pathé newsreel for your money and, if you go to the Marignan, the most comfortable theatre in the world to see it in. Premier Blum's appearance on the screen was greeted with mingled hisses, whistles and handclapping, the applause just perceptibly predominating. At both beginning and end, the newsreel showed fearsome pictures of the German war machine in action: tanks, planes, bombs bursting, machine guns spitting, hoarse thousands in uniform cheering their leader. The audience took this for the most part in tense silence, broken by uneasy sighs and agitated whispers. Is this propaganda? Or simply the same kind of aimless and irresponsible xenophobia to which our own newsreels and press treat us?

"So you find Paris looking prosperous?" said a Frenchman who had been prospering in the four years since we met. "Ah, wait till you see London!"

He was right: before mentioning prosperity, we should have waited till we saw London. When we got there, and were congratulating an English friend on his city's condition, he grumbled, "Yes, but you ought to see South Wales." The fact remains that London is a heartening sight. Londoners have always been well dressed; now even the women look smart. Flats (how much briefer, how much more expressive than "apartment houses") are going up all over the place. The traffic seems every bit as heavy as New York's; and in spite of London's meandering streets and "circuses," better directed.

I am sorry to have to report—for some of my best friends are Englishmen—that the English attitude on *Weltpolitik* is still somewhat parochial. Not that they make the social mistake the French do, of trying to prove to the rest of the world that France must be supported because she is the keystone in the arch; but sometimes their opinion of themselves, and their ignorance of others' opinion of themselves, does leak out. For instance, the uproar in the American press about Mrs. Simpson was largely discounted by many English people as a vulgar indication of America's anxiety to boost its countrywoman up the highest possible social peak.

After even a brief stay in London, you wonder if anyone can possibly be so secure as the English

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seem. You wonder uneasily if they realize how serious a character Mussolini is, how serious Hitler is. After a while you begin to believe that England must have something up its sleeve. Then you meet a gloomy Canadian foreign correspondent, just back from a European tour, and he tells you flatly that the English are a nation of ostriches, that no democracy can hope to compete in this day with a country that has a definite program, as Italy and Germany have; that by the time England's dilatory defenses are patched up they will be obsolete or perhaps England will have been bombed out of existence. Somewhat shaken, you report this opinion to your English friends. And they laugh at your fears, tell you confidentially that London's air defenses are so effective that anyone who doesn't think so is going to get the surprise of his life; that Mussolini is bluffing. The nearest they will come to an admission that British prestige has been weakened by Italy's conquest of Ethiopia is to say that England really should have gone through with it at the time; it really was a pity they didn't. But they are still quite sure Mussolini is only bluffing. You mention the possibility of Italy's taking the Balearics as an air base, and their unhesitating reply is that England would never stand for such a thing, not for a moment. At the same time, the papers are full of the insufficiency of the British Fleet, the muddled squabbles about the very beginnings of an air program, the alarming shortage of army recruits, owing to the equally alarming condition of the lower classes, which should be well fed enough to feed the army.

The Polish mathematician who saw "a full picture" of present-day Europe by a glance at warships and bombing planes may well have future history on his side: it is almost inconceivable that Europe can emerge from her present situation into any state but war. In fact, it seems clear that the "next war" has already begun—in countries like Germany, Italy and Russia it has reached a stage which less prepared nations may take months or years of war-enforced dictatorship to reach. But even a brief visit to any country will remind you of the fact that cannot be put into newspapers and that somehow never gets said by statesmen: that the only way human beings can be persuaded to war is through fear and ignorance of their fearful and ignorant neighbors. You may also be reminded of the fact that the ordinary inhabitants of even capital cities are as shut off from each other today as if they lived in the walled towns of the Middle Ages.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

For His Holiness

MILLIONS of persons throughout the world, Your Holiness, have sympathized most deeply with you in your recent illness, and in the months and years of physical and mental suffering that, as everyone knows, preceded it. For some, the sympathy and hope for your recovery have been extended to Pope Pius XI, the head of their Church; but all others possessed of any human sensibilities, regardless of their religion, must have felt for you in your predicament. To the infirmities of age and disease there has been added the deep unhappiness of seeing almost all mankind plunged into an era of miserable suffering, of hatred and the desire for revenge, of war and the threat of war. Naturally, your concern has been greatest of all for the members of your own flock, and they in particular have been more profoundly disturbed, in many countries, than ever before in the history of the Church.

Catholic property has been seized in more than one land; Catholic priests have been forbidden the exercise of the churchly functions to which their lives are dedicated; priests and laymen in several countries have suffered imprisonment or an even worse fate for carrying out what they sincerely believe to be God's commands. The suffering, mental and physical, brought about by this tragic train of events has left its mark not only upon your Holiness but many other members of your faith, including both official representatives and lay communicants. Even in the United States, now probably the richest segment of Catholicism in the world and certainly the one least troubled by the angry winds of dissension, the burden of the times is reflected in an increasing sharpness of temper, a passionate querulousness, among many of its spokesmen. To a non-Catholic reader of American church periodicals, the bitter emotion displayed by their contributors, the inability—no doubt an honest inability—to review all the facts of any situation involving the Church, almost suggest that these commentators are suffering, en masse, from a nervous breakdown: and few could blame them if this were true.

I venture to address to you these few remarks as a non-Catholic who is in favor of liberty for all religion, in all parts of the world, provided that such liberty does not itself infringe upon other rights of the general population, and provided in particular that it does not encroach upon the political sphere. I can only excuse my presumption by saying that serious as are the difficulties in which your Church finds itself today, tomorrow looks blacker still. For the first time in generations, the Church is now caught up in a political alliance of profound significance and unpredictable but enormously important consequences. Partially this situation is accidental, but in part, it is the result of what seems a succession of blunders in judgment by your advisers at Vatican City—blunders sufficiently serious to justify public comment such as mine.

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The first of these blunders was the agreement in 1929 with the Mussolini government. I recognize how desperate was the problem the Church confronted before this agreement, in its internal Italian affairs, and I am well aware of the enormous advantages, first of all financial, that accrued from that agreement. Nevertheless, the world as a whole received the impression that the Church was prepared to condone and did in fact condone not only the crushing of all liberty throughout the Italian state and its colonies, but the methods used to bring this about: the torturing of thousands of opponents of the regime, the murder of many of them by the firing squad or by the administration of castor oil, the exile to waterless islands of most of the fine spirits in the Italian world save those who were killed or the small proportion who managed to escape to a foreign country.

This blow at the moral prestige of the Church became far more serious when Italy undertook the conquest of Ethiopia. However often other countries had performed similar acts in the past, it is nevertheless true that in the fourth decade of the twentieth century there was a genuine collective rejection by all decent people everywhere of this act of spoliation. There seems no doubt that the Vatican not only failed to protest against this example of barbarism but participated in it, permitting priests to assist in recruiting, extending the rites of religion to the soldiers as they departed and zealously arranging a bargain under which all non-Catholic missionaries should be expelled from "Italian" Ethiopia.

A second blunder, it seems to me, has been the official participation of the Church in the Spanish rebellion. I am well aware that you yourself have carefully refrained from active intervention in the dispute, and that despite the great pressure upon you to do so, you have not given formal recognition to General Franco's "government." But lesser figures than yourself in the Church, throughout the world, have not been so scrupulous—or careful. I know about the theory that there is a large degree of autonomy in the Church in one country or another; but I am aware, too, that the things done by thousands of loyal Catholics, in Spain and elsewhere, would not have been done if there were any reason to believe that Rome would object. In the Iberian Peninsula, everyone in the world knows that the Church is participating wholeheartedly in the rebel uprising, with men, with money, with guns. Catholics in other lands have (with certain honorable exceptions) been quick to declare their sympathies. Catholic journalism on the whole took the rebel side from the beginning, and has displayed the characteristic psychology of the partisan in wartime. If a worldwide conflagration grows out of the Spanish affair, your Church will shoulder a great part of the odium.

A third mistake, if I read the meaning of events correctly, has been the recent partial understanding with the government of Germany. Here, again, it is easy to perceive the tremendous pressure under which Vatican City found itself. The position of the Catholics in Germany has been unhappy in the extreme, like that of Protestants, Jews, liberals, pacifists and radicals. Nevertheless, the new understanding will inevitably be interpreted around the world as another indication that the Church, on the rather faint hope of bettering the lot of some of its own communicants, has been willing to condone the actions of a despicable regime.

Among the most serious of the blunders, in my judgment, is the worldwide crusade against communism, announced with such a flourish a few weeks ago, a crusade in which non-Catholics as well as members of the faith are invited to join, although there is no suggestion that these non-Catholics will assume any role other than that of privates in the rear ranks. It was of course impossible for the Church to foresee that within a short period of time, another worldwide attack upon communism would be announced, by Germany and Japan, with the inevitable adherence of Italy, Austria and Hungary a little later. It is not surprising that in the public mind, these two crusades should now be indivisibly fused into one, and that everywhere the picture should be seen of the fascist dictatorships and the Vatican engaged in a joint adventure.

People in one country or another will of course describe that crusade in terms which vary with their own preconceptions. For my part, I think history will sustain the view that it is not a fight between communism on the one hand and the forces of peace, order and humanitarianism on the other, or even between communism and fascism as philosophies. The essential division in the world today is between the fascist dictatorships and the democracies. These democracies differ widely in their principles and practices, but the gulf between any two of them is far less wide than the gulf between all of them and such powers as the governments of Germany, Japan and Italy. In this great separation of the world into two camps, your Church, for reasons which are partly accidental and all thoroughly explicable, has ranged itself on the wrong side. It stands today with the forces of cruelty and terror. It stands with those who deny the power of reason, the effectiveness of abstract truth. It supports policies that can only be made to work by the enslavement of whole populations, by the destruction of freedom of every type, by a return to conditions paralleling those of the Dark Ages, but even worse because men today have an alternative of which the Dark Ages knew nothing. If I am right, this is the most tragic blunder in the history of your Church.

The blunder is the harder to explain because this worldwide "crusade against communism" comes at a moment when the threat of communism is less than it has been at any time since the end of the Great War. Fifteen years ago, there were people working for a universal series of revolutions who believed they had hope of immediate success. Today, the one important country that lives under com-

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munism has abandoned the effort immediately to influence other lands except through successful example. In the two outstanding democracies, Great Britain and the United States, the Communists are negligible in numbers and in influence. In other countries such as France and Spain, the Communist Parties have thrown themselves into united-front movements in which they are not the preponderant force and in which they coöperate even with the mildest of progressives, on these mild progressives' own terms. No informed person in the world can believe that the general threat of communism is sufficiently serious today to have brought about this Unholy Alliance.

We are told that, historically, the hostility of the Catholic Church to communism has come with the anti-religious campaign in Soviet Russia. As to this there are three points to be made. The first is that it was the Greek Catholic Church, and not your own, which controlled the formal religious life of Russia in the days of the Tsar. Even in the most remote and most backward Latin American countries, Roman Catholicism has never been more irreligious, more sunk in superstition, more indifferent to the suffering of its communicants or more unashamedly venal, than was the Greek Catholic Church in the old days. Second, your anti-communist campaign comes almost at the same moment that a new constitution is promulgated in the U.S.S.R. guaranteeing freedom of religious worship. Third, the attitude of radicals in general toward the question of religion seems to be widely misunderstood by your faith and others.

It is true that throughout the world, a majority of those who are seeking to reorganize the economic basis of society are themselves indifferent or hostile to formal religious activity. Their chief quarrel with the churches, however, is based on two grievances, both of which, in the independent view, seem not without reason. The first is the insistence of all organized religion everywhere upon the right to instill its doctrines into the minds of children too young to be capable of a dispassionate judgment. The second is the disturbing tendency of a majority of churches everywhere in the world to ally themselves with organized wealth as against the rights and necessities of the common man. In the case of your own Church, in particular, this has been accompanied in many countries by the acquisition of great wealth, wealth which has without doubt had an influence upon the general policies of the religious body.

To repeat: It seems to me quite clear that the Church is blundering badly when it casts in its lot with the autocrats, with the merciless foes of humanitarianism, science, the cultural heritage of the ages. Your people, throughout the world, are the poor and lowly. In the long run, the Church must take the side of the poor and lowly, or they will find other voices to which to listen, and will accept the Church's edicts only at the point of the sword.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Washington Notes

The Fight Over the WPA Rolls—Mr. Hopkins and a Public Welfare Department—The Probable Senate Line-up

THE DISMISSAL of WPA workers, now in progress, is the first skirmish in a fight likely to occupy a large part of the next congressional session. The battle lines in this fight have become confused to an extraordinary degree by rivalries among Cabinet officers, government experts and factions of the Democratic majority in Congress. It is not at all certain that the just demands of the unemployed will be met.

Most of the quarreling groups within the government are ready to accept the premise that unemployment, under our present system, is permanent. The WPA has worked up figures that show the past history of unemployment in manufacturing, transportation, construction and mining. In these four realms of industry alone, unemployment during the 1920's ranged from 1,500,000 to 3,500,000. The WPA statisticians believe that even if we recapture the 1929 volume of production, we shall still have a total of from 6,500,000 to 7,500,000 jobless, partly because we now have a larger working population and partly because the efficiency of labor has increased.

The average monthly WPA wage today is $53.50. That is distressingly small, but it is as large as or larger than the average wage in many marginal industries—cigarettes, canning, certain branches of textiles. There can be no doubt that the government's relief program is an important factor in sustaining the present national wage structure. No one in the administration wants to reduce the rate of WPA wages. In any case, it is felt that such a move would be politically impossible.

The controversy, therefore, comes down to the number of individuals who are to be cared for on the WPA rolls. On this point there is violent disagreement within the administration. Many officials are now convinced that the government's first duty is to halt its deficit financing. They believe that continued government borrowing, and continued downward pressure on interest rates, will bring about a quick, savage boom, followed by a quick, savage slump. They are immensely alarmed by this prospect. But obviously the administration cannot both keep on with its present relief program and at the same time cease borrowing, unless it is prepared to inaugurate new and heavier taxes. It is believed that Mr. Roosevelt is completely unwilling to do this.

As usual, it is very difficult to find out exactly where Mr. Roosevelt stands. One thing seems certain: Mr. Roosevelt is personally responsible for the present attempt to cut 150,000 workers from the WPA rolls. All sources agree that, during the campaign, he became greatly disturbed over WPA spending. As soon as the votes of the WPA workers were safely counted, he is supposed to have given the order for dismissals. There is also evidence that Mr. Roosevelt has been impressed by arguments in favor of balancing the budget. An enthusiastic dilettante in economics, he is reported to be fascinated by the possibility of controlling the coming boom by monetary management.

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The most effective group fighting to keep relief expenditures at their present level is the United States Conference of Mayors, headed by the astute Mayor LaGuardia. The first need of Mr. LaGuardia and his colleagues, however, is to obtain funds for the remainder of the present fiscal year. Mr. Hopkins' money will be exhausted by February 1, and to carry the 2,300,000 workers who will then be on the WPA rolls until June 30, will require about $750,000,000. Mr. Roosevelt, you will recall, solemnly promised that this year's relief-deficiency appropriation would not run above $500,000,000. Somehow the mayors must persuade Congress to appropriate half as much again, and to do it within the first ten days after the session begins. When the mayors return to Congress, a few weeks afterwards, to ask for the regular 1937 appropriation, they will unquestionably be at a disadvantage. Most observers do not believe that Congress can be made to approve an appropriation for 1937 of more than $1,000,000,000. The maximum number of WPA workers who can be employed for this sum is 1,500,000, which means that 800,000 of those now on the WPA rolls will have to get pink slips.

However, to obtain even a billion from Congress will not be easy. Since the spring of 1933, Mr. Hopkins has never known for more than a few weeks ahead how much money he could spend, or what sort of work he could sponsor. It is understood that he wants Congress to recognize relief as a permanent federal responsibility, and to establish a Department of Public Welfare, of which, presumably, he would be the Secretary. The Social Security Board would be a part of this new department. It is believed that Mr. Hopkins would be content with the WPA and the Social Security Board, but some of his administration supporters are eager to raid the Labor Department, and have already picked out a number of bureaus that they intend to purloin. There is no likelihood whatever of Miss Perkins' falling in with this plan; on the contrary, there are rumors that she herself would like to head the proposed Public Welfare Department. Mr. Hopkins' supporters are also anxious to snag the Office of Education away from Mr. Ickes. Mr. Ickes perhaps might consent, but only if he were given help in burglarizing the Department of Agriculture of the Forestry Service and the Soil Conservation Bureau. The prospects seem excellent for an administration free-for-all of mammoth proportions. Theoretically, Mr. Roosevelt could enforce peace upon the Cabinet, but he has never shown any inclination to do so.

A wholly independent row is likely to arise in Congress. The younger, liberal-minded Senators—men like Hugo L. Black, for instance—are returning to Washington eager to take over the Democratic leadership. In their minds, the older Senators represent an element in the Democratic Party that was thoroughly repudiated in the November election. It is extremely probable that one of the issues on which conservative and New Deal Democrats will fight will be the 1937 relief appropriation. It is reported that the conservatives are already arranging a compromise. They will agree to the creation of a Department of Public Welfare, but on the condition that the WPA gives up its work program and becomes solely an agency for disbursing federal money to the states. Under this arrangement, the states might continue the WPA program, or abandon it, as they pleased.

This proposal does not differ greatly from that put forward by Governor Landon during the campaign. It seems to me highly dangerous. Where the work program was not abolished altogether, many states would attempt to lower the WPA wage scale, with the result that the whole wage structure of the country would be threatened. The New Dealers of the Senate and House ought to be able to prevent any such compromise as this from being adopted, but it may mean a long, hard fight.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

How to Can a Railroad—The Vans Discover the Holding Company—Why Wouldn't It Work with the Postal System?

AS ONE follows the testimony in Washington before Senator Wheeler's committee unfolding the manner in which a maker of glass jars in Muncie, Indiana, finally packed the great Van Sweringen "empire" into one of his containers like so much chow-chow, only much cheaper, one gets around to asking oneself this question—what is a railroad? What is it for?

There is a popular illusion that a railroad is a form of transportation, for getting men and merchandise moved from here to there. It is a sort of social function which, up to now, has been permitted to remain in private hands because it was supposed that thus this function of moving things around the country would be more efficiently performed. But as you hear the tale of these two brothers of Cleveland you begin to wonder if this transportation function is not really secondary. Do not these railroads serve a nobler purpose—as counters in a fantastic gambling game?

There is another scrap of observation that bobs up here. There seems to be some sort of arrangement in nature under which the predatory grabbers among us must be forever looked after tenderly when they get into the kind of trouble that usually smashes other people. These Van Sweringens were able to start in the railroad business with no other capital than their own brass. In due time their ramshackle empire went the way of all rackets in the crazy twenties. When the thing was falling apart the Van Sweringens were busted. The average business man who asks for a loan at a bank has got to produce something in the way of collateral and usually a statement of his affairs designed to show that he is solvent and his business wisely managed. These favored children of fortune, the Vans, however, were not subject to this vulgar regulation. They had a lot of collateral pledged with a Cleveland bank for a loan that was in default. They didn't want to pay the loan. They merely wanted to withdraw the collateral, leaving the loan supported by a vacuum. So they applied to the bank for the collateral and, to buttress that application, they submitted a statement revealing that they were bankrupt. Upon that solid showing they were permitted to withdraw their collateral.

Through those troubled years, when banks were closing down on honest and sober-minded business harried by the depression, everywhere bankers, financiers opened their vaults to the insolvent brothers. Then when they were at

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the end of their road, when the whole tenuous structure was about reduced to the air out of which it had been made originally, they were able to find still another angel or pair of angels, Messrs. Tomlinson and Ball, who for the trifling pittance of $247,000 bought control of their three-billion-dollar empire and handed it back to them for nothing, with a drawing account of $100,000.

But what of our railroads? As a matter of fact, there was nothing new in what the Vans did. They merely used a technique that was newly developed—the holding-company racket. But from the earliest days of the roads adventurous promoters have been using the corporate device in one way or another to play poker with our railroads.

One wonders what would be the history of our post-office system if it had fallen into the hands of the Van Sweringens. Suppose the Fathers had decided that the proposal to put the government in the postal business was just a communist trick and that the whole enterprise should be left, like the express business and the stage coaches and canals, to the mercies of private ownership. And then suppose that the business had been organized by a large number of regional and state corporations. And then suppose that in good time the Van Sweringens came on the scene.

Having developed Shaker Heights, they needed a terminal site in Cleveland and settled that the proper site was the ground on which the post office stood. So to get possession of the post-office building they bought the postal business of Ohio and thereupon decided to run the postal business. In doing this they discovered they could organize a holding company—the Ohio Postal Securities Corporation, Inc.—and sell stock and get all the money they needed.

Encouraged by this experience they organize another holding company to get possession of the Missouri Postal Corporation. They sell stocks, Class A and B, preferred stocks, second preferred, first-mortgage bonds, second-mortgage bonds, debentures. Now the money is flowing in. They reach out and get possession of more postal systems, until they have fifteen or twenty holding companies and several hundred corporations. Of course they have no time to bother with the irritating and incidental annoyance of delivering letters. For this they hire men who know how to run a postal business. They buy companies that manufacture mail sacks, organize companies that make mail-stamping machinery, promote and buy up huge printing companies to print stamps and postal cards, own equipment corporations which manufacture mail cars, trucks, etc., other concerns which produce mail boxes and lamp posts to hang them on, and still others to make postmen's whistles, gray uniforms, textile mills that make gray shoddy, etc., etc.

There are hundreds of corporations pouring out billions of stocks and bonds, hundreds of millions in dividends and bond interest, more hundreds of millions in bankers' commissions, more hundreds of millions in promoters' fees and, best of all, postal banks to rake in the people's money to be used to finance still other adventures; holding companies piled on top of one another and, at the end of the road, bankruptcy, disaster, losses to investors and lenders and finally the great postal empire swept into a Muncie jam pot for the price of a village post-office building.

Is there any more reason why the railroads should be made the victims of this grotesque burlesque of business than the postal system?

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Moral Fountain

The Country Wife, by William Wycherley. Henry Miller's Theatre, December 1, 1936.

THE COUNTRY WIFE," as we see it revived, cut or somewhat restated, charmingly mounted, carried off by Miss Ruth Gordon in the leading role with delightful security, seemed to me entertaining enough, if not quite up to Dryden's line: "For wit the immortal spring of Wycherley."

It could be said, what's more, that the version Mr. Miller uses is closer in quality to the Restoration text than that of Garrick, which persisted well into our great-grandfathers' epoch. And the conception of Wycherley is much more intelligent than was common in the last century, when such rot, for instance, as Macaulay wrote of this dramatist was accepted as worth while. Just how far the mind of Wycherley could be presented straight to a modern audience, who could say? It may come, for example, as a surprise to some that in the seventeenth century he was regarded as a moral force; the great Dryden, even, speaks of how Wycherley had obliged all honest and virtuous men by his bold, general, useful satire. It might also be a surprise to know that the defect not seldom dreaded by his admirers, then (and now, if you like), was (and is) that Wycherley may at any moment break out into moral indignation, show himself as what they call "a ferocious moralist," exposing "the vices of nature for our disgust"; manifesting the unhappy protest against life of a man who has lived "semi-consciously against his grain." You might, they said in Wycherley's own time, conceive from the tartness, severity and spirit of his writings that he was an ill natured man; when in truth, as Lord Rochester said in another case, he was "the most good-natured man with the worst-natured muse."

It can also be said of Mr. Gilbert Miller's Wycherley that it is closer to the author than the Theatre Guild's version of "The School for Husbands" was to its original. (Indeed one of the mysteries of our New York criticism is how reviewers who could not bear a deficient presentation of Edgar Allan Poe could applaud the Guild's butchery of Molière, in dramaturgic form, tone and text.) Wycherley's plays were all produced between 1671 and 1674. By 1671 Thomas Durfey is saying in "Sir Barnaby Whig," "Molière is quite rifled, then how shall I write?" That "The Country Wife" is based partly on "L'Ecole des Femmes" and qualified by "L'Ecole des Maris" is obvious. That Wycherley should depart from the French plays is to be expected. But it is not quite to be expected because of Wycherley's virile independence, as has sometimes been said, or because Britons never will be slaves. The difference in this case is fundamental. Molière writes for a defined and civilized society, is himself a profound social student, a popular genius, ventilated and just, rational and passionate, a ripe and equable designer in social drama. That Congreve, Ben Jonson, Shakespeare have their respective values in comedy is manifest. It is equally manifest that Molière remains outside our scope. The restlessness felt by many of the audience seeing "The Country Wife," a certain general indifference felt by almost everyone as to its outcome, may be partially ascribed to the fact that the

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play has little to say as a whole; its pervading tone means very little; the spots, in either the present version or the play itself, at which Wycherley bursts into his moral *terribilitá* are after all spots, where Molière's work achieves its unity from the light that falls on it from social living, and where the order and tone are the very dialect and sincerity of his nature. "The Country Wife" has been rated as the most perfect of English farces. Compared to Molière, Wycherley's play is footless and sunless. It is much better to take such a play as fantastic. Despite the realism of Wycherley's surface, or the shadow of his amusement, or the running brunts of his indignation, it is much better to see his hero, Mr. Horner, as extravaganza, heavy with sarcastic vindication, rich with the precision of some summer madness. The text of impotence which he announces for himself, and which thereupon serves as a focus for all the play's situations, is thus kept free for its essential farcicality. Ironically enough, what tires you in "The Country Wife" is the lack in any modern terms of any total sum for you to care about.

The décor of Mr. Oliver Messel was entertaining always, his costumes charming, rich and bright. Nobody in the company was bad, and Mr. Miller has preserved in the whole occasion an easy good taste, not enough for Congreve but plenty for this text presented. Not the least of his effects was an escape from quaintness, that stifling rose fever of the theatre. Mr. Roger Livesey as Mr. Horner gave out a strange husky potency and sarcasm, never vulgar, always what-will-you? Miss Ruth Gordon as the country wife, shams, sins and all—Molière's Agnès yes and no—was a fresh perfection that would no doubt have surprised Wycherley but would have delighted him. Inch by inch this careful player had the role explored, witty, sly, outrageously innocent. In the asides, which the play abounds in, Miss Gordon was a marvel; I have never seen such passages in English comedy done so well, with such a draft of the audience into the player's confidence.

It happened that the performance at which I saw "The Country Wife" was the first matinee, and the audience was largely made up of women. As a comment on modern drama, feminism in drama and so on, it seems worth recording that not until well along in the play—when Miss Gordon, not Wycherley, had got under all our skins—did the audience smile very much. This is something to ponder.

As everybody knows, the foundation of Restoration comedy consisted in treating sex comically. And we all know Walpole's saying that life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel. When the dramatists of the Restoration deal with sexual incidents, adultery or even rape, there is no sexual emotion to it. When sex gets the bit in its teeth, we have, obviously, either the tragic or the pornographic. But Wycherley was neither.

Watching this audience, I thought of Ibsen and the load of feminism he finally got around his neck, and of Wycherley's own recognition of the problem, as found in "The Plain Dealer." They are speaking of the fairly appalling passage in "The Country Wife" about Mr. Horner's "china." After seeing that scene one of his ladies has cast out all china, that pretty furniture of a lady's chamber; though the second lady begs to be excused from thinking the worse of hers "for that of the playhouse." "'Tis now," says the first lady, "as unfit an ornament for a lady's chamber as the pictures that come from Italy and other hot countries; as appears by their nudities. . . ."

One of Pope's letters speaks of Wycherley's second marriage ten days before his death at seventy-five:

> He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his acquaintances, that he would marry as soon as his life was despaired of. Accordingly, a few days before his death, he underwent the ceremony: and joined together those two sacraments, which wise men say, should be the last we receive: for, if you observe, matrimony is placed after extreme unction in our catechism, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. . . . I saw our friend twice after this was done, less peevish in his sickness than he used to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. . . ."

STARK YOUNG.

The Bandwagon

Buenos Aires, Argentina, Nov. 25.—The police had to be called in last night to keep peace in the People's Conference in Favor of Peace.—*News dispatch to The New York Times.*

W. R. Hearst Jr. succeeded in inducing his father to attend a big auto reception held during Show Week. During the whole half-hour he stayed, the world's largest publisher "stole the show." Time was when Mr. Hearst would not have been so cordially welcomed at a gathering of industrialists or other business leaders. They regarded him as too radical. Now some of them regret that they themselves have not been more progressive in earning the good will of workers and the public.—*Forbes Magazine.*

With no idea of offending brown-eyed people, it was mentioned here that the great men in history usually have blue or gray eyes. . . . Some readers, not blue-eyed, objected to the statement, which was only a statement of fact, and should not offend them.—*Arthur Brisbane, in his syndicated column.*

—AND THE JAIL-PLACE OF EARL BROWDER

Terre Haute scoops the world, because Terre Haute is nearest the center of population, because Terre Haute is the birthplace of Eugene V. Debs.—*From a pamphlet issued by the Terre Haute, Indiana, Chamber of Commerce.*

SO WILL THE FAMILY

Every executive, interested in the welfare of his employees will want to know . . . how, for instance, a family can eat well for $8.90 a week.—*Advertisement of the Household Finance Corporation in Nation's Business.*

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

Factory directors ordered workers to report at 9 o'clock tomorrow morning for a great spontaneous demonstration in Red Square.—*Moscow dispatch to The New York Times.*

ADD DEFINITIONS OF COMMUNISM: NO. VI

Communism is dictatorship of the 90 percent of the people who had nothing before they seized power.—*Homer Chaillaux, chairman of the National Committee on Subversive Activities of the American Legion, in a radio address.*

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CORRESPONDENCE

"Pushkin and His English Translators"

SIR: In his review of my edition of Pushkin's works, Mr. Eastman comments at length on the quality of the translations. [The New Republic, December 9.] He gives literal prose versions of the text and then points a scornful finger at what the translator has made of it. Obviously the indispensable prerequisite for such criticism is an adequate knowledge of Russian. The errors Mr. Eastman makes, in renderings held up as models of exactitude, lead me to doubt his competence.

In his prose version of certain lines from "Eugene Onegin" he renders the Russian phrase *strastyu bezotradnoy:* "uncontrollable passion," whereas the words really mean: "joyless (or desolate) passion." Perhaps Mr. Eastman would consider faithfulness to the original here a sign of priggishness. Again, the reviewer writes in one of his literal renderings, "But our summer north is a caricature of winter south." This is not English, nor is it the Russian. The original reads: "But our northern summer, a caricature of southern winter . . ." and the metrical translation is almost a literal version of this.

Further, in rendering the third line of the lyric, "To the Poet," he confuses the verb "to hear" with the verb "to listen," a mistake that could only be made by one insufficiently familiar with the language, since the two words resemble each other closely. On the other hand, no one acquainted with Russian could possibly confuse *dorozhyni* with *drozhashchii,* a mistake which he cavalierly assumes was made by the translator of a certain passage in "Eugene Onegin." The word "quivers" was used here by the translator because of the natural association of quivering with a frightened animal, and also because of the exigencies of the rhyme-scheme. Mr. Eastman insists, with more heat than light, that to keep the rhyme-scheme and the metrical structure of the original is disastrous. Another view is tenable. Just because Pushkin's style is plain and direct, it seemed both possible and desirable to preserve the formal values of the verse. Whichever theory one follows, loss is inevitable. Even in the hands of Mr. Eastman, translation, if one may paraphrase Flaubert, is the art of sacrifice.

Mr. Eastman brightens his attack on the translations with flashes of personal invective. The only things he has a good word for are the verse renderings by A. F. B. Clark and the prose of Keane. Keane's version, made many years ago, is couched in a rather stiff "literarious" style, which I did my poor best to improve. Did Mr. Eastman overlook my note to this effect, and so find it possible to praise Keane's "swift, simple and flexible English"? But I shall not try to parry the reviewer's attempts to hit below the belt. I should merely like to call attention to a few of his misrepresentations. Let me cite only one instance of his curious way of quoting. He attributes to me an "inward grudge" against Lermontov on the grounds that I described him as a "brilliant bully and egotistic rake"; what I said about Lermontov was this: "Yet this brilliant bully and egotistic rake was, after his own fashion, a knight of the Grail and a poetic genius such as rarely graces any language."

By similar means Mr. Eastman seeks to suggest that I am lacking in esteem for Pushkin. Such an attitude would scarcely have involved me in the labor of preparing this volume, nor have dictated an introductory essay which begins by quoting the words of Apollon Grigoryev: "Pushkin is our all," and ends by speaking of the true immortality achieved by the poet. I read Pushkin with delight long before Mr. Eastman learned the Russian alphabet and I shall continue to do so in spite of that fact. But in forming a just estimate of a great literary figure, I venture to say that love is not enough. If this is sex bigotry, let Mr. Eastman make the most of it.

What service does he think he does the poet by claiming, for example, that "'Ruslan and Ludmila' charmed the whole Slavic world"? This could only have occurred through thought-transference. "Ruslan and Ludmila" was not translated into any of the half-dozen Slavic tongues, with the exception of Croatian, and that nearly forty years after it was written. What is true is the fact, which I pointed out, that the Russian reader was "charmed by its light tone and felicitous lines," and that "it was a shining example of the new poetics and contributed to the triumph of the progressives."

We are also told by the reviewer that Pushkin was the author of "dramas" and "histories." He wrote one history, one drama, and completed four dramatic sketches, one of which was virtually a translation of Wilson's "City of the Plague." This is said not to belittle the poet's productiveness, but to indicate the over-zealousness of his self-appointed champion. Evidently Mr. Eastman is of the company of those who make a cult of Pushkin, and so do violence to the very spirit of his work. This spirit, not discoverable in Mr. Eastman's review, is one of genial reasonableness.

New York City. AVRAHM YARMOLINSKY.

SIR: "Uncontrollable" is a printer's error; I wrote "unconsolable." I did not say that my prose translations were literal; I said that only of the quatrain. My prose translations were meant to convey the true quality of Pushkin. They were meant, that is, to be good translations.

Mr. Yarmolinsky knows that there is no such expression in Russian as "summer north" or "winter south." He knows, and so will every Russian, that the choice of these phrases could not possibly have been due to a misreading of the language. He is probably right, however, about "listen to," which, so far as I can remember without the text, was inadvertent.

I did not mean to boast about my knowledge of Russian, which is very limited. I could never have made the translations I have without the help of Eliena Krylenko, who scrutinizes every line before it goes to press. But I spoke, lived, wrote letters and thought in Russian for almost two years and so completely that I was beginning to forget English words. For translation purposes that is, I think, the main thing.

Croton, N. Y. MAX EASTMAN.

Pavlov on Science

SIR: I have not seen circulated in this country the following words of Ivan Pavlov, written just before his death, addressed to the academic youth of the Soviet Union. They provide, to my mind, such eminently quotable formulations of the true scientific attitude that their publication in this country seems imperative. The translation is that published in the April 4, 1936, issue of Nature:

> What shall I wish for the young students of my country? First of all sequence, consequence, and again consequence. In gaining knowledge you must accustom yourself to the strictest sequence. You must be familiar with the very groundwork of science before you try to climb the heights. Never start on the "next" before you have mastered the "previous." Do not try to conceal the shortcomings of your knowledge by guesses and hypotheses. Accustom yourself to the roughest and simplest scientific tools. Perfect as the wing of a bird may be, it will never enable the bird to fly if unsupported by the air. Facts are the air of science. Without them the man of science can never rise. Without them your theories are vain surmises. But while you are studying, observing and experimenting, do not remain content with the surface of things. Do not become a mere recorder of facts, but try to penetrate the mystery of them. Seek obstinately for the laws that govern them. And then—modesty. Never think you know all. Though others may flatter you, retain the courage to say "I am ignorant." Never be proud. And last, science must be your passion. Remember that science claims a man's whole life. Had he two lives they would not suffice. Science demands an undivided allegiance from its followers. In your work and in your research there must always be passion.

HENRY HART.

New York City.

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Wanted: An Opinion from Biologists

SIR: A correspondent who notes that I have praised Kropotkin's "Mutual Aid as a Factor in Evolution," writes to ask me if I know any biologist who would support my statement that it is an epoch-making book. He says that someone at the Smithsonian Institution wrote him that Kropotkin's views are not in keeping with more recent work. I am answering my correspondent that I did not consult any biologist about the matter, but judged the book for myself.

However, I would be interested to know what the biologists would say—especially those, if there are any, who are sympathetic to the collectivist idea in social affairs. Will you be interested to put this question up for discussion among your readers?

In the event that you have not read Kropotkin's book, take my word for it that it is full of interesting and important facts, and others who may go to it will not be wasting their time.

Pasadena, Calif. UPTON SINCLAIR.

The Oxford Oath in England

SIR: In Mr. Bruce Bliven's article ["Pacifism: Its Rise and Fall"] in The New Republic of November 18, 1936, there is a reference to "the Oxford Oath that under no circumstances will they 'fight for King and Country.'" I am not aware that there is or was an "Oxford Oath." There was a resolution of the Oxford Union (the student debating society) "not to fight for King and country" and there is a non-resistance oath, or resolve, for which Mr. Aldous Huxley is touring the country at the moment. The Oxford Union resolution was (as Mr. Bliven hopes) a protest against the assumption that the younger generation would respond to the simple emotional appeal of the late war, specifically to the most famous British recruiting poster, "Your King and Country Need You." It was not, I think, an absolute pacifist resolution such as that adopted by Mr. Huxley's followers. I should regard the adoption of Mr. Huxley's point of view with as much regret as Mr. Bliven does the pacifist interpretation of the Oxford Oath, and I think it is worth while pointing out that the interpretation of the Oxford resolution as purely pacifist is here a favorite talking point of patriots who wish to confuse the issue.

D. W. BROGAN.

Corpus Christi College, Oxford, England.

Free the Harlan County Miners!

SIR: Friends of the four Harlan County union miners who are serving life in prison on framed-up charges in the Evarts battle cases of 1931 are pressing for their release by Governor A. B. Chandler of Kentucky by Christmas. Forty-four of forty-seven living jurors have urged him to free them, as have two of the three judges, and many labor and liberal organizations. The widow of the chief mine guard killed when he and others attacked a strike picket line has sworn to her belief that all four prisoners are innocent of conspiracy to murder. . . . The previous Governor, Ruby Laffoon, liberated their three fellow life-termers when he retired a year ago.

In no American labor prosecution was the perjury so brazen as in this; back of it was the relentless power of an anti-union coal company. . . . Those who believe guiltless workers ought not to live and die in prison should write at once to Governor A. B. Chandler, Frankfort, Kentucky, appealing to him to undo a great wrong by granting immediate pardons to W. B. Jones, Chester Poore, Jim Reynolds and Al Benson.

New York City. JOHN NICHOLAS BEFFEL.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

In the case of Jerome Davis, the League of American Writers sends us a copy of a letter to President Angell of Yale, protesting "not merely against the immediate instance of Dr. Davis' release and failure to attain promotion, but also against lack of decent candor on the part of the responsible authorities . . . " and signed by Malcolm Cowley, Waldo Frank and Lewis Mumford. . . . Professor Yandell Henderson of Yale University sends us a copy of his letter to the Yale Alumni Weekly, in which he says that the Yale tradition of government of the faculty by the faculty is virtually extinct, owing partly to the increased size of the University, and that there is practically no judicial element in the present organization. He believes that a trial of Professor Davis by his Yale peers would be the most satisfactory way of settling the case.

J. B. Casady, of Moline, Illinois, speaks a good word for the WPA Teachers' Project and the adult-education classes, and says it would be a cultural loss to the country if they were curtailed.

McNeil S. Stringer Jr., of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, objects to the implications of our undergraduate contest for a 300-word letter declining the Republican nomination in 1940. Mr. Stringer says a strong party opposition is a vital necessity to the nation, if democracy is to be preserved.

Max Eastman's review of the new translated edition of Pushkin's works in The New Republic for December 9 would be adequate, says Ralph Entenberg of New York City, if "venom is to pass for vigor, if sound criticism may take the form of childish sneering."

Notice that Negro History Week begins February 7 comes from C. G. Woodson, director of the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, Inc., 1538 Ninth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., which is distributing a pamphlet on it.

Martin Platt, of Everett, Washington, says that the fact that the Communists lost much less heavily than the Socialists in the recent election though the former emphasized their desire that the Republicans be defeated and the Socialists did not, indicates that the Communist voters are less inclined to desert their principles.

That a voting machine to record preferential voting with proportional representation is probably impracticable to construct and use, is the opinion of Stewart Brown, of Baltimore, Maryland. And besides, he says, adoption of this plan means discarding one set of expensive machines and buying another equally expensive set.

The Hollywood Anti-Nazi League for the Defense of American Democracy sends us a resolution passed on the award of the Nobel Peace Prize to Carl von Ossietsky in which they congratulate the Prize Committee and call upon the German government to release Ossietsky so that he may go to Norway to receive the prize and afterward visit his admirers throughout the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickerman Williams, of New York City, say that the contribution of Secretary of Agriculture Henry A. Wallace to The New Republic for November 25 lacks realism. They don't believe it advisable to stimulate export trade for agriculture, because of the exploitation of our soil, and they are in favor of more and better conservation. . . . Disagreement with Mr. Wallace's proposals comes from Howard D. Salins, managing director of the Flax and Fiber Institute of America, who says among other things that certain seeds detrimental to the soil should be prohibited and a policy of crop rotation with emphasis on crops having a high price in the world market should be instituted.

As a possible successor to President Roosevelt in 1940, D. I. Todd, of Williston, North Dakota, suggests Upton Sinclair, as "more clearly interpreting the mind of Mr. and Mrs. Average American than any person now living."

What's on the Air?

Mrs. Charl Ormond Williams, president of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, surveys "Women Elected to Office in 1936." Saturday, December 19, 1:15 P. M., C.B.S.

Hendrik Willem Van Loon, Charles Dana Gibson, James Truslow Adams, Nancy Hale, William Allen White, Marcia Davenport and others at Scribner's fiftieth anniversary party. Saturday, December 19, 4:45 to 5:30 P.M., N.B.C.-Red Network.

Entertainers from the WPA Radio Project in the Professional Parade. Every Wednesday evening, 9 to 10 P.M., N.B.C.-Blue Network.

Christmas carols from the courtyard of the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem. Thursday, December 24, 1:45 P. M., C.B.S.

President Roosevelt speaking at the ceremonies of lighting the nation's Christmas tree in Washington, D. C. Thursday, December 24, 5 to 5:30 P.M., C.B.S. and N.B.C.-Blue Network.

Address by Gustavus Adolphus, Crown Prince of Sweden. Sunday, December 27, 4:30 to 5 P.M., N.B.C.-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Hymn of Hate

MORE THAN any novelist or poet, George Grosz in his early drawings made us feel the madness and degradation of post-war Germany. His method was realistic only in details—the cylindrical hairless skull of a petty official or the wrinkles at the back of a policeman's neck. He could convey the life of a soldier by his boots or the entire philosophy of a housewife by the solid look of her ankles in flat-heeled shoes. But the horror of his drawings was a matter of imaginative conception. It was expressed by a technique that outraged nature, by a sort of X-ray photography that made the clothes of his characters transparent and revealed their shameful secrets—the mutilations of the war veterans, the fleshless ribs of the beggars, the accordion-pleated paunches of the profiteers, the sex of the prostitutes and perverts. He sometimes drew "feelthy pictures," but there was no lust in them, only the inverted purity of a young man reared in a pious Lutheran household and forced to live in a society without redeeming features. Glory had been lost in the War, honor in the betrayal of the revolution and sanity in the crazy years when ten million marks would not buy a package of cigarettes. There was no standard left except pure effrontery. The most unprincipled scoundrels were those who crawled to the top of the dunghill—and there Grosz depicted them in the full splendor of their degradation.

But in his new collection of drawings,[1] Grosz is presenting another Germany, and has chosen a different angle of attack. He had left Berlin even before Hitler seized power; for the last few years he has been living and teaching in New York. Now, as a sort of farewell, he gives us a panorama of German life during the years from 1928 to 1932—the "interregnum" that preceded the Third Empire. Once more his impression is profoundly hostile. The factory owners are callous ("There can be no exceptions," one of them says to a clerk whose cheeks are streaming with tears). The factory workers are cowed, the unemployed are broken, and the radicals hate one another more than they hate the bosses (until finally Grosz shows them united in concentration camps where Thaelmannites and Brandlerites and Trotskyites must dig in the same ditch). The intellectuals fall into the two categories of bootlickers and fools. The peasants are brutalized. Even the children

[1] Interregnum: Drawings by George Grosz, with an introductory comment by John Dos Passos. New York: The Black Sun Press. 19 pages and 65 plates. $50.

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GEORGE GROSZ: A LITTLE LOVE SONG

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are affected by the general hysteria and play with machine guns instead of marbles; there is no hope anywhere. Early in the book, the artist had shown himself slogging bravely ahead and saying, "Even mud has an end." But he pictures himself again in the next-to-last drawing; ragged and older he is still pushing ahead through interminable slime toward no destination whatever. The logical answer—the only logical answer that Grosz can give—is for the modern world to be blown apart by airplane bombs.

Typographically this new volume of drawings is as handsome as the earlier volumes printed in Berlin and Paris. Technically the author retains his sureness of line and his skill in characterization. He has even added new effects, including hints of a tolerant humor that was absent from his work of the post-war period. But the dominant feeling of his work is still hatred or revulsion, and that feeling has lost part of its power. It is becoming mental instead of visceral; it is getting mixed with literature and politics. As a political cartoonist, Grosz is weakened by his lack of loyalty to any party. Sometimes his fine prophetic hatred of the oppressors is neutralized by contempt for the oppressed; and often it is diluted into a bilious dislike for mankind at large. I would not say that most of these sixty-five lithographs are George Grosz at his best. But for those who can afford an expensive book, Grosz at his second-best is worth having.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

Methodology of the Scramble

Politics: Who Gets What, When, How? by Harold D. Lasswell. New York: Whittlesey House. 273 pages. $2.50.

IMAGINE a country where men rose to preëminence in accordance with their skill in a peanut race. That is, the men who could push a peanut with the nose over an official course in the shortest length of time became the country's heroes and leaders. Obviously, such a revolution in values and practices would make for a wholly new kind of selectivity. There must be at present, scattered throughout the nation, potential peanut-pushers who are condemned to rot as mute, inglorious Miltons because the present rules of eminence are not *their* rules. But given the appropriate ideology, they would rise to form a new "élite."

Some, it is true, might gain their national prominence by sheer fraud. They might bribe the judges, or contrive other manipulations, whereby they *passed* as great peanut-pushers and enjoyed the honors and privileges accorded such talent, when they were not *bona fide* goober athletes at all. Or they might contrive to keep new candidates from entering the race, shunting them into lowly occupations (science, industry, art and the like) that did not permit them to perfect and express their peanut capacities to the fullest. But in the main, the tests of selection would make for a reshuffle whereby a class superior at peanut-pushing came to the fore and molded the policies of the state to their liking. And this class would so guide the educative, legislative and constabulary functions as to perpetuate their privileges.

Lasswell is a specialist in the study of selectivity. His thinking, which would fall roughly in the Pareto category, is concerned with the historical shifts in popular allegiance whereby a peanut race takes the place of a potato race, or some such, and the group best fitted in one way or another to profit by the new rules rises to authority. His book is a "study of influence and the influential." It pleads for no particular kind of race (or, to decode our trope, he does not propose to justify a preference for one economic system rather than another). "This book, restricted to political analysis, declares no preferences. It states conditions."

"Conditions" are purely and simply the Scramble, the reshuffling process whereby, as people shift their allegiance from one symbol of authority to another, a new group arises to profit by the change. The profits are not necessarily material ones—they may even be largely confined to the categories of honor and prestige. But whatever the legal tender of the given social norms may be, a new set of bankers arises to manipulate this subtle medium of exchange. They are the "influential"—and

> The influential are those who get the most of what there is to get. Available values may be classified as *deference, income, safety*. Those who get the most are *élite;* the rest are *mass*.

His first chapter amplifies this definition. He next proceeds to a discussion of "methods." We are shown how "any élite defends and asserts itself in the name of symbols of the common destiny"; how such defense involves the use of force; how the use of goods in élite attack takes the form of destroying, withholding, apportioning—and, finally, we are permitted to examine the procedures by which élites are recruited and trained by tactics in policy-making and administration.

In another section he examines matters of "skill," "class," "personality" and "attitude" as they figure in deciding "who gets what, when, how." We are shown, for instance, how the rules of selectivity may sometimes be such that even highly pathological types can be the best candidates for the élite. And though his book is very easy to follow, he clinches matters with a final chapter of recapitulation.

The admonitory value of his book is considerable, particularly for those who would employ it as an intellectual weapon against fascism. Its swift manner, with its wealth of concrete examples, should earn it an important place in our better popular literature of the debunking sort. One may question, however, whether his approach to the subject is as "impartially scientific" as the author apparently assumes. One may even doubt whether his terminology is as broad as required by the situation it would chart. His analysis of human relations seems too strongly motivated by the typically commercialist view of human psychology, with its overemphasis upon the get-ahead, foot-on-the-neck notions of "success" in living. There are important aspects of communion and appeal that are perhaps not given their accurate location when handled in a vocabulary so exclusively of the debunking sort. The "genius" of his subtitle tends to obliterate vitally important qualifications; a Lenin becomes practically the same as a Mussolini or a Hitler.

Like all works of the purely debunking sort, the book should be serviceable for the purposes of negativistic, disintegrative criticism. In fact, its essentially disintegrative character is manifest in its very form, as it is pieced together from many disparate sources, and suggests a shell without a core. If science is to serve its complete social purpose (analyzing human conduct in an *integrative* vocabulary, whereby people may actively coöperate, instead of becoming merely shrewd spies upon one another), Lasswell's science might be called backward and incomplete. It would be excellent for disclosing the misuse of symbols like "liberty" or "solidarity," but its very efficiency would interfere with our allegiance to such symbols when they are properly used. It might lead us to say "thumbs down" even when we should say "thumbs up."

KENNETH BURKE.

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Justice vs Justices

The Nine Old Men, by Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 325 pages. $2.50.

The Story of the Supreme Court, by Ernest Sutherland Bates. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 377 pages. $3.

IF OLD public statements, like old judicial decisions, could be effectively reversed or qualified to death when they became embarrassing, Charles Evans Hughes would be able to deal with the words that come back so often these days to haunt him: "We are under a Constitution, but the Constitution is what the judges say it is." The Hughes quotation flies defiantly from Mr. Bates's title page. Messrs. Pearson and Allen save it for their curtain line. Out of the mouth of the present Chief Justice comes the cue for two sharp condemnations of the Supreme Court and of what it has done to direct the life of the nation, under the cloak of the Constitution.

The two Walter Winchells of Washington devote the bulk of their book to breezy biographies of the nine present Justices. A few introductory chapters, including one on the past history of the Court, and a few concluding chapters on the more important New Deal cases seem intended merely to frame the nine caricatures. Piling anecdote on anecdote, writing now glibly, now bitterly, the authors display a healthy irreverence mixed with a deep disgust where at least six of their nine old men are concerned. Only Justices Brandeis and Cardozo are heroes, when stripped of their robes. Mr. Justice Stone (certainly the most outspoken champion on the Court of the authors' political ideas) gets, by comparison, only lukewarm approval, apparently because he one time resented the publication of an off-the-record remark.

Even to one who heartily applauds the air of disrespectful skepticism toward a sanctified institution, "The Nine Old Men" leaves a bad taste in the mouth. It is as full of repetitions, irrelevant chitchat and inaccuracies as it is of irreverence. That Mr. Justice Roberts' daughter, the day after the AAA decision, won an art prize with a painting called "Vegetables" is a good yarn, but not worth telling twice. That Jimmy Roosevelt once sold George Washington Hill a big insurance policy seems scarcely pertinent to a discussion of Mr. Justice Stone's dissent in the American Tobacco case. "Judge Joseph C. Hutchinson" becomes, later in the book, "Judge George C. Hucheson Jr." (The gentleman's name is Joseph C. Hutcheson Jr.) And it is hard to take seriously any analysis of legal issues by those who lay the judicial murder of the income tax to the Fourteenth Amendment.

The book, in short, is a sloppy job of reporting. Any city editor would have given the boys hell and cut out at least a third of it—and the omissions would have included the numerous conceited references to earlier works by Pearson and Allen. Lest any of this be interpreted as a wish that the book had pulled its punches, it is worth remarking that the book does not punch; it slaps. And slaps, however annoying to the recipients, have never been known to knock a man, or an institution, down.

There are plenty of punches in the latest work of the prolific Mr. Bates. Drawing largely, and with discrimination, from the writings of Boudin, Myers, Warren and others, he makes no pretense to original contribution. He merely tells "The Story of the Supreme Court" for the layman to read. From the inauspicious origins of the Court, on through the Marshall period and the Taney period, right up to the Court's new—but by no means novel—battle with the President, he tells the story well. Only the record of the last two terms of the Court is sketchy and inadequate and looks as though it had been hastily tacked on at the end. But even without effective use of his freshest ammunition, Mr. Bates builds a powerful and damaging indictment of the Court for its twisting and retwisting of constitutional law to protect acquired private property at all costs.

Fortunately, Mr. Bates knows neither too little nor too much law. He is not hampered by the law-ignorance of the average layman, nor by the law-blindness of the average lawyer who cannot extricate himself from the home-made hocus-pocus of legal doctrine. Because of the latter fact, Mr. Bates will doubtless be subjected to petty criticism by those members of the profession who have come to regard serious discussion of Supreme Court decisions, even for purposes of protest, as their own private stamping ground. It would be well for any such carping super-stylists to remember that important legal reform has rarely found its genesis within the closed circle. As a matter of fact, Mr. Bates's chief fault is his constant reliance on the language of dissenting opinions, to talk for him against the law as laid down by the Court majority.

Somewhere between these two books a really first-rate job has yet to be done on the Supreme Court. It would not spare personalities, yet it would not be content to give its readers the cheap thrill of vicariously peeping through keyholes at undressed Justices. It would not skimp the past history of the Court, but it would use that history merely as a prelude to an incisive inspection of the Court's place in our scheme of government today. Inevitably, it would throw Mr. Chief Justice Hughes's old statement back into his face. But with it would be the comment, written so clear that laymen could understand and lawyers could not deny: "Here. Look and see what you judges have made of the Constitution."

FRED RODELL.

Men in Africa

The Gentle Savage, by Richard Wyndham. New York: William Morrow and Company. 287 pages. $3.50.

Gold Fever, by L. M. Nesbitt. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 233 pages. $2.50.

Three-Wheeling Through Africa, by James C. Wilson. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. 349 pages. $3.50.

MR. WYNDHAM is an English painter who visited a remote spot in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan because of a childhood interest in gollywogs, a dislike of the English winter, general boredom and a longing to draw the "black Adonises" described by Sacheverell Sitwell in an essay on the Dinka tribe. As can be imagined, the result is not a profound study of the Sudan natives and touches only rarely on the sociological aspects of their lives. Occasionally the author hurls a violent remark at missionaries and asks naïvely why the natives do not murder the few ruling whites and keep the territory to themselves, but for the most part he concentrates on his camera and brush and the resulting illustrations are quite superb. Instead of the usual photographic studies, posed and dull ("Bantu Woman at Work," "The Witch Doctor came out to greet us," etc.) we have here pictures of real intelligence and artistry. These Dinka natives are some of the most beautiful in Africa, and traveling with Mr. Wyndham is like being carried through a black Utopia, devoid of all ugliness and vice.

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The black miners in South Africa are described in a much more important book, "Gold Fever," by L. M. Nesbitt. Miners lead a hard life everywhere, but it is nowhere harder than on the Rand, where the Kaffirs are utterly helpless in the hands of industrial efficiency. Even for the white miner the Rand has little to offer apart from high wages, in return for which he must accept the inevitable phthisis and pneumonia, the terrible din and strain of manipulating super-drills in a haze of sharp quartz dust four miles below the surface, the constant danger of immense rock-falls, blocked shafts and poisonous gases, all of them combining to reduce the miner's life to an average of eight years from the day he enters the mine. Yet even so his task is lighter than the Kaffir's, whose work is even more killing and whose power of appeal is nil. The methods by which the Kaffir is forced to work in the mine at slave wages are here fully described. Although the author is writing of the gold mines, his descriptions apply equally well to the mining of other minerals in Africa—in the diamond, abestos and copper mines the story of phthisis and forced labor repeats itself unendingly. But exploitation of this nature is seen at its most efficient best on the Rand, and though Mr. Nesbitt is writing of the mines as they were twenty years ago, the Kaffir's position remains unaltered today.

For no reason at all James Wilson and his companion, Flood, crossed Africa, from Lagos to the Red Sea, on motorcycles, which is about the nearest to the impossible that anyone will ever get. The whole story is one of the trackless desert and empty water cans, and the amount of chance they had of getting through alive was best described by a French official in the Sahara who endorsed their passports with the words, "Last seen here, December 24." The author steals most of the thunder and could well have given more credit to Flood, whose false teeth were removed to mend the magneto, who had never before even ridden a motorcycle, and who got appendicitis and two broken bones in the foot before the journey was half finished. Otherwise the book is very readable and dramatic, and will particularly please people who revel in Man's conquest of Nature without bothering about the fruits of victory.

RICHARD VAUGHAN.

A Poet in Mufti

Letters to Harriet, by William Vaughn Moody. Edited with Introduction and Conclusion by Percy Mackaye. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 456 pages. $3.50.

THIS VOLUME commemorates a notable friendship. William Vaughn Moody, then instructor in English at the University of Chicago, met Harriet Tilden Brainerd, an honorary fellow in the department, and enjoyed with her a comradeship in tastes, sympathies and enthusiasms, which contributed richly to the soil in which his poetry grew.

Some time after their meeting, at a country house party in 1901, she had the misfortune to break her ankle, and for the rest of her life suffered the handicap of crippled motion and frequently recurring pain. This accident aroused all the chivalry of Moody's nature. From then on he shared with her his noble gifts of sense and spirit, his pleasure in art, landscape and people, his adventures, his aspirations, his success. Much of the time he was abroad or living in New York while Harriet was chained to Chicago by manifold responsibilities of business and philanthropy. There she kept house and heart open for him.

From early 1908 Moody suffered increasingly from an illness that proved to be tumor of the brain. During these months Harriet gave herself more and more to his care. They were married May 7, 1909. Moody died October 17, 1910. Harriet continued her active, generous life for many years. It is pitiful to record that, an old woman, she was robbed and betrayed by former pupils whom she had taken into her business, whom she refused in the face of all evidence to distrust. Still indomitable she faced life with new plans until her death.

The letters begin in May 1901, and cover the periods when Moody was travelling or living in New York, until May 1909. They have the supreme quality of good letter-writing in their sharing of experience. Especially is this true of the letters written on Moody's expedition to Greece in 1902, and later from Paris where he was reading Greek tragedy with Trumbull Stickney, that astonishing young poet who was to die two years later of the same terrible malady as Moody. Out of these allied experiences came "The Firebringer." Again it is true of Moody's trip to Arizona in 1904, whence came the impetus for "The Great Divide." And it is especially true of the years of struggle and distinction which that drama heralded. Moody's literary conscience awoke whenever he took pen in hand, and accordingly the letters are somewhat richly embossed in style. The scenery of the Rockies, of the Arizona desert, of Greece inspired him to his happiest flights, but he could let himself go on humbler themes, sometimes laughing at his own eloquence:

> I read the poem ["The Eve of St. Agnes"] over in a crowded street car Christmas Eve, going out to Newton, and its majestic melody, its imagery, for all it is so quaintly elaborate, always eager and awe-struck, made that bouncing, screaming electric car a fore-court of adoration, and the bundle-laden people nothing less than "star-led wizards" and shepherds tending their flocks by night—under the helmèd Cherubim and swordèd Seraphim. I here check my pen with the uncomfortable suspicion that this verges on Scenery.

The attitudes familiar in the poems receive frequent emphasis. By virtue of "Gloucester Moors" Moody had taken a place among the humanitarians. In a long letter of 1907 he gives an account of a derelict whose request for a dime he granted with a bed at the Mills Hotel and a search to recover "clothes, shoes, hat, shirts, and underclothes from widely scattered pawnshops where in the exigency of the moment he had successively deposited them." The "Ode in Time of Hesitation" and "On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines" reveal Moody's political conviction. His comment on Theodore Roosevelt's imperialistic policies in the campaign in 1904 confirms it. "If the verdict is of assent, I believe that the vision in the light of which our country was created and has grown great, will soon fade, and one more world-dream will have been found impossible to live out."

Mr. Percy Mackaye has done all that an editor can do in following up references, allusions and identifications. In his introduction he has placed the letters in their setting in the literary history of the time, especially with reference to the campaign to revive the theatre as a place of literary art, in which Moody, Ridgely Torrence, E. A. Robinson and Mackaye himself, were concerned. It is true, however, that in his last illness Moody reflected somewhat bitterly upon this diversion of his energy from poetry, which he regarded as his true vocation. "Perhaps it is a judgment," he said to Ferdinand Schevill, "that this confusion has come upon me."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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Books in Brief

Cradle of Life, by Louis Adamic. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

BY THOSE who have read his autobiographical narratives, especially "The Native's Return," Mr. Adamic will be remembered as a story-teller-journalist, with a talent for giving charm to facts and a solid social basis to legends and anecdotes. His story of Jugoslavia revisited was an honest and disarming book, written with a nice balance between naïveté and evaluation. Without apparent effort it showed peasant life as a dignified and truly human process, something that few writers of fiction have succeeded in doing for the workers and farmers of this country. And the medium so suited the author's observations that one was not obliged to think of it at all. But when Mr. Adamic tries to elaborate his material into a novel, the medium cries out for criticism.

Naturally, what is honest in the author, the real stuff of his writing, is not left out, but it is hitched here to a most irresponsible star. The hero Rudo—illegitimate son of Rudolph Hapsburg and a Moravian countess—is one long improbability. Living first in the home of Dora, whose source of income was nursing such children and killing them when they were no longer paid for, Rudo proceeds to a string of psychic feats, adventures, and spiritual crises. He plays little master to his castle and St. Francis to the birds, scorns the aristocracy—with feelings less of intelligent youth than of sociological goody-goody—and at last turns back to Dora and the earth. His development has by this time been decked out with fire and sudden death and other paraphernalia of the old-time hero, all of which we are asked to digest as inner experience. After so many theatrics the approach of the Great War, faintly suggested at the close of the book, intrudes like an enormous commonplace. And yet the true story behind these devices does make itself felt, a story based on fact, firmer, perhaps, than the author's purpose in recording it. And one remembers Dora—as distinct from the sentimental salvation that Mr. Adamic and his hero find in her—as one of those rare characters who can endure without losing stature or the readiness to live.

ELEANOR CLARK.

The Assassins, by Frederic Prokosch. New York: Harper and Brothers. 53 pages. $2.

THE ASIATICS" established Prokosch as an American novelist of importance; and the delayed publication in his home country of "The Assassins" should bring him an equal amount of attention here as a poet. A preoccupation with death and decaying loveliness permeates the poet's philosophy and the subsequent behavior of the nomadic characters moving through his book. Frustrated sexual experiences combined with an impressive knowledge and vivid use of international geography are the materials he uses to build individual poems; but the cumulative effect is somewhat the same suggestion of the forthcoming break-up that was given in his ominous travel novel. In fact, each poem is "The Asiatics" in diminuendo. "The Assassins" adds little to indicate that his or our existence will be less difficult after the impending explosion. But in objecting to a too obvious emphasis one need not deny the importance of the message. Some will find revolutionary implications in these moribund pieces; and one has the feeling that Prokosch, while interpreting the handwriting on the wall, may be seeing happier signs in the air. Meanwhile the reader,

Man Answers Death

Edited by CORLISS LAMONT

IN this anthology, consisting of three hundred poems drawn from the chief periods and countries in the history of human culture, the poets of the race give their varying answers to the event called death. The collection is unique because it centers around the Humanist philosophy of existence and stresses the attitude that the best of all answers to death is the whole-hearted affirmation of life in terms of freedom, joy, and beauty.

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in the unhealthy throes of Prokosch's jitters, may well take time out to enjoy the lush imagery and beauty of diction to be found here. One also observes that Prokosch owes something to the romanticists as well as to his English contemporaries; but compared with many of the new poets in America, he contributes a note of genuine distinction.

W. M.

An Old Heart Goes A-Journeying, by Hans Fallada. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

The novels that come to us from Germany these days are very often in the fairy-tale mode; it is one of the non-committal ways of writing. Now Hans Fallada, who once indicated a temperate appetite for reality, has taken to the safety of fantasy; he has dissolved the grim Hauptmann of "The Beaver Coat" in something like a syrup of Robert Nathan and has produced an affectedly naïve *Märchen* of a young girl robbed and oppressed by an evil couple, a league of village children sworn to aid her, an idiot boy, a saintly professor of divinity who leaves his mad exegitical studies to rescue her, and a happy end. A politically minded reader or an admirer of "Little Man, What Now?" might conceivably find in these characters and this story an allegory of Germany's political fate; but only as any fairy story is an allegory of human difficulty and its happy end an affirmation of animal faith in the possibility of release.

L. T.

The Tudors: Personalities and Practical Politics in Sixteenth-Century England, by Conyers Read. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 275 pages. $2.50.

This is a study of the five Tudor monarchs, and is intended for the general reader who may desire more than picturesqueness in an account of that deceptively colorful period. Professor Read is precise, though not ostentatiously so, very cautious in his generalizations, and for the most part writes an even, unexciting prose that verges on daintiness. His understanding of the Tudor mind, however, is very clear, and his book is particularly valuable, I think, in its emphasis on the Tudors' instinct for popularity. Many English dynasties have been just as sex-ridden and imperious, but few have possessed the type of realism that strengthened Henry VIII and Elizabeth in their relation to the people. As Professor Read's chapter on him makes clear, even Henry VII understood that feudalism was being displaced by middle-class authority; it was his granddaughter Elizabeth who came to respect the position of that class so much that she often associated herself with it, thereby helping to stabilize a crucial reign.

A. K.

A Correction

Three place names in Paris were inaccurately spelled in the article "Homage to Hemingway," by John Peale Bishop, in our issue of November 11. The proper forms are Mont Sainte Geneviève; Rue Cardinal Lemoine; and Notre Dame des Champs.

Contributors

JOHN L. LEWIS is the president of the United Mine Workers of America, the chairman of the Committee for Industrial Organization, and the acknowledged leader of the progressive trade-union movement in America.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN, who made the daily book review of The New York Times a highlight of the paper during the years he wrote it, is now an editor of Fortune.

T. S. MATTHEWS, novelist and frequent contributor to The New Republic, has just returned from a vacation trip through Europe.

KENNETH BURKE is now engaged on a work, "Attitudes Toward History," that bears on the issues discussed in his review in this issue.

FRED RODELL is the author of "Fifty-Five Men," a book on the Constitutional Convention of 1787.

RICHARD VAUGHAN is the author of a novel, "Chalk and Cheese," and the translator of Dr. Alfred Adler's new book, "A Challenge to Mankind."

ELEANOR CLARK is a free-lance journalist in New York City.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Willard Maas, Lionel Trilling and Alfred Kazin.

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LECTURES

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN CHINA? by **H. Gannes,** Foreign editor Daily Worker; **Dr. J. H. Lin** and **R. H. HOWELL** of "China Today." Friday, 8 P. M., Jan. 8th, Irving Plaza, Irving Place and 15th Street. Tickets, 25c at Workers Book Shop, 50 E. 13th Street. **Auspices: Peoples Forum.**

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